

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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ARMY OF PICKERS HARVESTING THE CROP IN AN IMMENSE VINEYARD OF RAISIN GRAPES NEAR FRESNO, CAL., WHERE HUNDREDS OF TONS ARE PRODUCED ANNUALLY.



A FRESNO RAISIN-PACKING PLANT—A WORK WHICH GIVES EMPLOYMENT TO THOUSANDS OF WOMEN AND GIRLS.

HOW CALIFORNIA RAISINS ARE GROWN AND PACKED.

A VAST INDUSTRY WHICH EMPLOYS THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IN THE STATE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Leslie's Weekly has no connection with "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly"

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Parties representing themselves as connected with
LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to pro-
duce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

Thursday, November 12, 1903

The Wonderful Golden State.

WHEN, IN 1900, California celebrated the semi-centennial of her admission to statehood the affair attracted the country's attention. There were excellent reasons for this interest. California's rise and development is one of history's romances. Part of Cortez's and Santa Ana's empire ever since a third of a century after Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere, the world never fairly got a glimpse of it until it became United States territory. Its entrance on the stage of affairs convulsed politics, altered the current of American history, and affected the social life of every country on the globe.

At the time that James W. Marshall, on January 24th, 1848, discerned the yellow particles in the race-way of Sutter's mill, on the American Fork of the Sacramento, the war between the United States and Mexico had just ended and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo by which New Mexico and California were ceded to the United States was eight days in the future, but neither the American nor the Mexican delegates at the negotiation dreamed of this discovery at the time, nor did any of them or the general public of either country hear of it until months afterward.

This gold discovery was the stroke of fate for California and America. It started an inrush from the Atlantic coast, the Mississippi valley, Europe, Asia, Mexico, South America and all the islands of the sea in streams which, surging across the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas, in through the Golden Gate from the Pacific, and northward by way of Mexico and by the Gulf of California, converged in the Sacramento valley; shifted the country's political centre of gravity far to the westward; peopled California so quickly that it was knocking for admission to statehood with 90,000 inhabitants, chiefly men, before the politicians in Congress had time to organize it into a Territory; destroyed forever at its admission in 1850 that balance between the free States and the slave States which the Southern leaders had preserved for half a century; gave the North the predominance in the Senate to reinforce that which it already had in the House; provoked the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 by which the South hoped to gain a few States to restore the lost balance; and this killed the Whig party and created the Republican party, gave the Republicans the victory in 1860, precipitated secession and civil war, overthrew slavery, and provoked passions and issues which have remained in politics to this day.

These were some of California's effects on American politics and history. Here is how California has influenced the world's social life and business development: In the entire territory comprised in the present United States all the gold that was produced from Columbus's day to James W. Marshall's strike on the American Fork in 1848 was \$25,000,000. California alone furnished double that amount in 1850, and much more than double that amount in any one of several succeeding years. In any one of these years it contributed to the world's gold stock more than the rest of the world combined did in any previous five years. This inflamed the adventurous all over the world, and incited the search for the metal which led to the discoveries in Australia in 1851, in Colorado in 1858, in Nevada in 1859, in various parts of British Columbia and other parts of Canada in 1860-65, in Montana in 1863, in the Rand district in the Transvaal in 1884, in the Klondike in 1896, at Nome in 1899, and in other parts of the globe in intermediate years. California's gold flood, most of which went out of the United States until after the resumption of specie payments here in 1879, quickened trade on both sides of the Atlantic, gave an impetus to enterprise everywhere, sent the general level of commodity prices up in every country, and profoundly affected industry, finance, and commerce to the remotest ends of the earth.

Though California no longer holds the first place in gold production among American communities—Colorado's output in 1902, chiefly in the Cripple Creek field, being \$28,000,000 as compared with \$17,000,000 in California—the latter State's gold deposits are practically exhaustless, and the \$1,500,000,000 which it

has contributed to the world's gold stock since 1848 is exerting an influence to this day. But for decades past any one of several of California's other interests has largely exceeded its output of the precious metals. Ranking twenty-second among the country's States in population in 1890, and twenty-first in 1900, she has more inhabitants than all the rest of the States west of the continental divide. One of her towns, San Francisco, stands ninth among the country's cities, and holds a high place among the business centres of the globe. That State's and that city's people rank with the most energetic, intelligent, and progressive to be found anywhere. Their story is an epic.

California's evolution is one of the great dramas of the world's history.

Bonaparte and Roosevelt.

TO THOSE who know the character, temperament, and career of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, a denial from him was quite unnecessary as to the report that he was about to contest for a seat in the United States Senate as a successor to Mr. McComas. Mr. Bonaparte has been serving the public in many conspicuous and effective ways all his life, but never has been a candidate for public office, and probably never will be, although fitted to fill almost any with distinction and success. He has not been unwilling, however, to accept such calls to public duty as that recently made upon him by President Roosevelt to assist in rooting out evils and evil-doers from the Post-office Department and the Indian service, and his acceptance of this work furnishes the highest possible assurance that it will be done with vigor and thoroughness.

The Baltimore jurist has been fighting political crooks and corruptionists all his life, and has gained a national reputation as a tireless, energetic, and fearless leader in various reform movements, chief among these being reform of the civil-service and of municipal government. President Roosevelt and he have been intimately associated for years in work of this character, and have often spoken from the same platform. Mr. Bonaparte belongs to the same type of men as the President, and the two have many traits in common, including that of strenuousness. Both have a constitutional detestation of the tricks, intrigues, and subterfuges which so many otherwise honest-minded men seem to think essential to political success, and have distinguished themselves for candor, courage, independence, and outspoken truthfulness in all matters of public concern to which they have given their time and thought. Both, also, have devoted their lives to the public service from the most unselfish and exalted motives.

Mr. Bonaparte has been one of the officials and leading spirits in the National Municipal League since its beginning, seven years ago, and is now president of that organization. He is a millionaire several times over, and might easily, if he chose, lead a life of leisure, but he does not so choose. Besides an extensive law practice, he is identified in an official way with several reform associations, local, State, and national, in addition to the National Municipal League, and gives up much of his time to such work. As an orator Mr. Bonaparte may be justly ranked among the foremost of the day. He is witty, original, and eloquent, and is possessed, moreover, of that indefinite something called personal magnetism, which always enables him to capture an audience and hold it from the start.

A Vindication—Not a Victory.

PRECISELY WHY the two Canadian commissioners declined to sign the decision of the Alaska boundary commission, we fail to understand, unless they were seeking public favor in Canada. Only one point was really in dispute, and Great Britain, or rather Canada, got the benefit of that. It is a mistake to say that the result of the commission's action was a victory for the United States. We have only what we had originally—only what we bought from Russia—and what we were entitled to. We have lost something which we thought we had, because we believed we had bought it, and that is the Portland Canal to the sea.

We had nothing to arbitrate, because, up to 1898, there was no dispute over the matter, and every one, Great Britain and Canada included, conceded that the boundaries were definite and decided. The matter had all been settled by the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, which baffled Great Britain in her attempt to get possession of a good portion of the Alaskan coast. This settlement was so well defined that even English as well as Russian maps and charts, after 1825, laid down the boundary line precisely as the United States has claimed it to be, and everybody agreed that this was the line until the golden wealth of Alaska was suddenly disclosed. Then a new Canadian line was invented and thrust into the situation for the purpose of giving Canada control of the most important harbors and cities in Alaska. This claim was so preposterous that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, both of whom deserve the highest credit for their firmness, would not consent to arbitrate it, but finally agreed to leave it to a commission, three to be named by each side, and a majority to decide. We were satisfied that there could be no question as to the result.

The English commissioner, Lord Alverstone, to his great credit, conceded the American claim excepting with reference to the Portland Canal, about which

there was a little doubt. On this point, the only one at issue, Canada won and the United States lost. The Canadian commissioners who refused to sign the decision did so, no doubt, purely for political reasons. Their action does not nullify that of the commission, because a majority settles the case. It was a vindication, and not a victory, for the United States.

The Plain Truth.

JUST WHY the Rev. Father McMahon, of New York City, thought it discreet and sensible, years after the marriage of Senator Depew, to raise a question as to the propriety of the Protestant ceremony which followed that of the Roman Catholic Church—the latter in deference to the religious training of Mrs. Depew—is difficult to understand. Nothing is ever gained, so far as we can see, by questioning the motives of an honorable, upright, and conscientious man, and especially in a purely private matter like this. Senator Depew is a Protestant. Mrs. Depew was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Following the usage, two ceremonies were performed. Father McMahon insists that a Catholic priest would not have performed the ceremony if he knew that it was to be followed by a Protestant marriage. This is an age of liberal views, in religion as in everything else. Men are becoming more and more broad-minded and tolerant in reference to all such matters. Father McMahon's intrusion of his particular views on this question has not been received with general approval, and for obvious reasons.

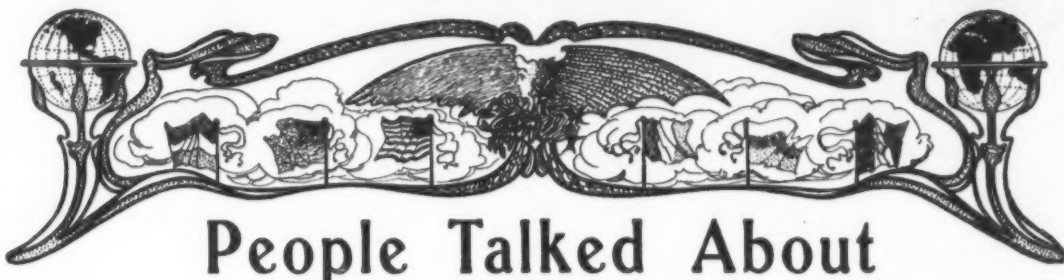
THE DISCLOSURE was made in the recent annual statement by the Metropolitan Traction Company, of New York City, that the privilege of advertising in its cars yields it the enormous annual revenue of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Every dollar of this advertising is diverted from legitimate publications such as the daily papers, the magazines, and weekly journals, and every dollar of it is illegal advertising, because the charter of the Metropolitan Traction Company does not give it the privilege to sell merchandise, advertising, or anything else on its cars. It only confers the privilege of conveying passengers and freight. If the publishers would take up this matter, as they should, with the proper authorities, they could compel the local traction companies of New York City to remove their advertising signs, and the same compulsion could be applied, we believe, in every other city in the country. The use of the space in street-cars for advertising purposes is not only illegal, but it is also, in many instances, a nuisance. The space might much better be devoted to posters giving information regarding fares, routes, and so forth—information to which the passengers are justly entitled, and which they frequently find it difficult to obtain.

IN HIS recent annual report the secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America says that the employers throughout the country are organizing for a battle with the labor unions, and calls the present a momentous time. In this forecast the secretary is entirely right. The battle is already "on," but it is not between employers and labor organizations, as such, but between employers and combinations of workmen who have carried their demands to the point of injustice and unreason. No league has been formed in this country, as alleged in this report, "for the avowed purpose of putting trades-unionism out of existence," for the simple reason that no rational person either desires such a thing or believes it to be possible. It is the abuses of trades-unionism, its irritating, untimely, and needless interference with legitimate industry, and, most of all, the vicious and inhuman policy it has adopted toward non-union workers that has aroused a spirit of revolt and led to the organization of employers and non-union men for self-protection. The vast majority of the American people belong to the working class, although they are not all in unions, and it is idle to assume that there is hostility to laboring men of any kind.

WHILE CENSORSHIP of the press as a rule is repugnant to American ideas, and is justifiable only in rare and extreme cases, we thoroughly agree with the views expressed by Justice Julius M. Mayer, in a recent address before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence with reference to a certain class of medical advertisements. "Some method should be devised," said Justice Mayer, "to prevent newspapers from publishing the advertisements of palmists and clairvoyants whose real occupation is the practice of medicine unlawfully." Such advertisements Justice Mayer declared to be only a cover for the sale of drugs and nostrums used for criminal purposes and the "worst agencies in New York," he said, "are the newspapers that publish these advertisements and thus enable frauds, quacks, and promoters of crime to ensnare the unwary, the superstitious, and the fearful." It is a grave and long-standing evil to which this refers, and it is high time that an effective method were adopted in the shape of a legislative enactment or otherwise to make an end of it. The real objects of most of the advertisements referred to are so thinly disguised that no intelligent person can be deceived by them, and the marvel is that any reputable and self-respecting newspaper will permit itself to become an ally and promoter of the cheats, swindlers, and other criminals who do business in this way. No such offensive advertisements have ever been admitted into the columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and we can assure our readers that none ever will be.



KING EMMANUEL, OF ITALY.
Who has been entertained in France
and who will visit England in
November.—Pessandri.



People Talked About



KING CHRISTIAN,
Who celebrates the fortieth anniversary
of his reign November 15th.
Russell.

THIS HAS been a great year for hob-nobbing between the heads of European states, or, in political language, for the exchange of royal courtesies between the royal houses of Europe; a practice, one may add, provocative of much more happiness and satisfaction all around than the exchange of hot shot, for instance. King Edward, of England, has made numerous friendly calls on his brother monarchs, and William, of Germany, and Nicholas, of Russia, have done likewise. And now King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, will probably close the calling season this year by making his long-deferred visit to England. London in November is, it may be admitted, hardly London at its best, either from the social or the meteorological standpoint. Still, rain and fog seem, somehow, more characteristic of London than the gayeties of summer, and, after all, coming from Italy, King Victor may be supposed to be sufficiently used to sunshine to be almost glad of a change. Besides, hardness is one of the strong features of King Victor's character, and he has been known to enjoy even actual privation, if only a little adventure could accompany it. On his way back it is possible that he will take advantage of the invitation of the King of the Belgians to spend a few days in Brussels, where he will find the atmosphere not much of an improvement upon London damps.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY of British America is a land of big things—immense prairies, wonderful forests, great lakes—and it is to be credited also with producing some of the largest men who have been read or heard of in modern days. One of these men, Edward Beupre, who has been visiting New York recently, is a real giant, and no mistake. Although he is only twenty-two years old, he is eight feet three inches high, and weighs 367 pounds. When he was ten years old he measured six feet four inches, and has been growing steadily ever since. Beupre is a French Canadian, and was born on a ranch in the Northwest Territory, 500 miles west of Winnipeg. His father and mother, he says, are of ordinary stature, and he declares that he weighed only nine pounds when he was born. He has a brother at home nine years old who is a little more than seven feet tall, and who bids fair when fully grown up to equal Edward in size.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the German Emperor have many points in common. At least, so says our late ambassador to Berlin, Hon. Andrew D. White, who, knowing them both, should be able to judge. "The differences between them are national rather than temperamental." But the resemblances are much greater than the differences. "There's a certain physical resemblance, to begin with. Both are vigorous, strong men. Both are fond of hunting. Both are honest and aggressive. Each is patriotic according to his lights. Each has a tremendous faith in his own country, and both are what is called strenuous." The ex-ambassador describes the Kaiser as having "a wide and accurate knowledge of the conditions of the workingman, a wonderful knowledge of everything that is going on in his country."

MUSICAL CIRCLES in this country are looking forward with happy anticipation to the first appearance on this side of the water of Maurice Kaufmann,

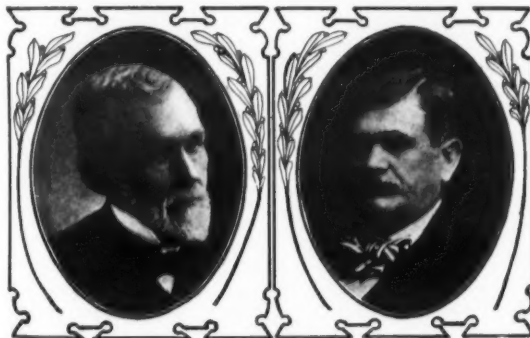


MAURICE KAUFMANN,
A young American violinist, who has won
triumphs abroad.—Gessford.

He remained a year in France, during which period he was heard in the principal cities of the country, and his spare time was

devoted to a course in painting, an art in which he has also won success. Two years ago he went to Germany, where he was heard for the first time in one of the Gewandhaus concerts, and afterward with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin. Later he toured Germany, playing in the more important cities, after which he went to London, where he made his debut in one of the Queen's Hall Symphony concerts. Kaufmann is to make his debut in Carnegie Hall, New York, on November 18th, in conjunction with the New York Symphony Orchestra, of which Walter Damrosch is director.

THAT "SLIP" that sometimes comes "betwixt the cup and the lip" in affairs political as well as in love and diplomacy, seems likely to happen if not just now then at some time in the not distant future, with the ambitions of Messrs. Gorman and McComas, of Maryland, to succeed themselves in the United States Senate. The trouble is that certain other influential persons in Maryland also entertain the entirely laudable desire to serve their country in the upper house at Washington. One of these aspirants to the Senatorial toga is Representative W. H. Jackson, who as a Republican would like to take the seat now occupied by Mr. McComas, and the other is ex-Governor Elihu



THE JACKSON BROTHERS,
Who are fighting each other for the Maryland Senatorship.

E. Jackson, his brother, who, being confirmed in the Democratic faith, has designs upon the seat now filled with more or less ability by Mr. Gorman. Both of the Jacksons have already occupied high places of trust and honor; both have contributed liberally of their large wealth to the campaign funds of their respective parties, and their political plans and aspirations, therefore, are not to be made light of or sneered away. Representative Jackson has been a liberal supporter of the anti-organization combine composed of Representatives Watcher, Mudd, and Jackson and ex-Postmaster General James Gary, and will have the support of these men in his candidacy for the Senate. The spectacle of two brothers occupying seats in the United States Senate at the same time would be unprecedented; but who can say that the surprises of politics have been exhausted.

AMONG OTHER things on which the German Emperor holds decided opinions is that of gambling. He abhors this weakness. When he was colonel in the First Guard Regiment in his younger days he closed the gambling club and banished the officers who disregarded his edict against gambling. The matter was taken to the old Emperor, who was inclined to think that Prince William had been too strict and should not have interfered in the matter, and expressed himself in that sense to his grandson. "Do you hold me responsible for the good conduct of my regiment?" the young prince asked. "Certainly," was the Emperor's reply. "Then," said the prince, "if the colonel cannot interfere with a gambling club in his regiment he must tender his resignation." "I was willing to oblige you," the Emperor said afterward to one of the officers of the regiment, "but the colonel wasn't; and I must support my colonel."

THE PRESENT revival of interest in Dickens imparts a special interest to the following anecdote illustrative of the great novelist's kindness of heart. The late Dean Farrar thus records the incident: "At one small public dinner at which I met Charles Dickens I was struck with his chivalry to an absent friend. Mr. Sims Reeves had been announced to sing at the dinner, and, as happened not infrequently, Mr. Sims Reeves had something the matter with his throat, and was unable to be present. Dickens announced this, and the statement was received with a general laugh of incredulity. This made Dickens, who was in the chair, very angry, and he manfully upheld his friend. 'My friend, Mr. Sims Reeves,' he said, 'regrets his inability to fulfill his engagement, owing,' he added with great severity, 'to an unfortunately amusing and highly facetious cold!'"

A MONARCH who has ruled long, as well as wisely and well, is King Christian, of Denmark, who on November 15th will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. Only one other European potentate, Francis Joseph, of Austria, has swayed a sceptre for a longer period, and to no other has been vouchsafed so much happiness in the sphere of the home as well as in affairs of state. No other royal family of Europe has formed so many matrimonial alliances with other great reigning houses. One of King Christian's daughters is the Queen of England; another is the Dowager Empress of Russia; his eldest son, George, is King of Greece, and one grandson, Prince Charles, married the Princess Maude, a daughter of King Edward, of England. All of King Christian's six children are married and have large families, there being thirty-four grandchildren and several great-grandchildren, so that at the family reunion at Copenhagen, on November 15th, the leading courts of Europe will have a large representation. The old King is exceedingly popular with all classes of his subjects, even with those who profess to be opposed to monarchical institutions. Since the destruction of Christiansburg by fire, nearly twenty years ago, the King has made his home in the relatively small palace of Amalienborg, where he lived until his accession to the throne, and where Queen Alexandra, the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, the King of Greece, and the other children of King Christian spent the greater portion of their youth.

WHAT MAY yet prove to be a most effective way of promoting friendship between Britons and Americans was exemplified recently by a couple of clergymen. The Rev. C. F. Weeden, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Lynn, Mass., exchanged pulpits during his summer vacation with the Rev. Rhondda Williams, of the Greenfield Congregational Church at Bradford, Eng. This arrangement appears to have been attended with the happiest results. Not only in that brief time did each able and eloquent preacher win the respect and affection of his temporary parishioners, but also the two congregations were drawn closely together, and a strong feeling of international good will was generated. Each church sent to the other a most cordial letter, paying high tribute to its "supply," dwelling on the increased friendliness between the nations which such incidents effect, and intimating that many more churches might profitably follow the example of these two in that respect. The English letter gives credit to United States Consul Day for suggesting the holiday exchange of pulpits, and it might be well for other consuls to take the hint. The idea is so good that it is likely some day to become extremely popular among the churches. It is one of the numerous tokens that sustain Mr. Carnegie's prophecy of one grand federation of all the English-speaking nations. It would also be well if other nations would adopt so easy and so pleasing a plan for the promotion of amity and brotherhood. If this method should come into general vogue it could not fail greatly to reduce the future tasks of diplomatic representatives.

LADY HELEN GORDON-LENOX, who assisted her venerable grandfather, the Duke of Richmond and



LADY HELEN GORDON-LENOX,
An English beauty, who recently entertained the Prince of Wales.

Gordon, to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales recently at Gordon Castle, is a lovely girl of seventeen. She is the youngest of all Lord March's children; her mother, who died the year after her birth, was a Miss Craven, a kinswoman of the present Lord Craven. As becomes the daughter of Lord March and the sister of Lord Settrington, Lady Helen is passionately devoted to field sports, and, indeed, all out-door amusements. She is a fearless horsewoman, and has had an exceptionally happy girlhood at Molecomb, her father's lovely little place, which forms a sort of appanage to the statelier glories of Goodwood House.



The Congressman's "Graft" at Washington

By E. G. Dunnell



GRAFT "OF many kinds has been developed upon convenient opportunities presented at Washington and elsewhere in the government service. It has been a steady growth, promoted in part by ingenuity and

need and partly through the dulling of conscience by misuse. Some of it has grown up as naturally as barnacles spring into being and come to maturity upon the bottom of a ship, and sometimes it has been promoted by necessitous and adventurous parasites, who have attached themselves to the body politic and devoted their wits to securing an income by hook or by crook.

About the earliest manifestation of liability to sanction "graft" is found in the movement to advance the salary and allowances of members of Congress. Increased compensation to them led to the employment of more clerks and more servants necessary to the enlarged ideas of what was essential to dignify and make comfortable the office of a Senator or Representative. By and by \$5,000 a year and the employment of the corps of attendants regarded as indispensable to the proper performance of Congressional duties seemed to be too little, and this brought on the madness that resulted in the increase of the Congressional compensation to \$7,500. It was a time when extravagance had run wild in Washington and the "grab" was resented. The law objects to the increase of compensation during the term for which a member is elected. The voters of the country rebuked the forgetfulness of Congress of this fact by retiring to private life many of the men who had voted increased salaries into their pockets, and "graft" got a stinging reprimand.

A once favored species of "graft" that has fallen into disrepute was the ordering of investigations by committees upon more or less useful or necessary pretexts. These committees, by whatever name or for whatever purpose they were called, summoned into service a lot of additional employes, required extra expenses for transportation and for hotel accommodations, hacks, meeting-rooms, mysteriously-concealed "commissary supplies," particularly of liquors and tobacco, and their investigations usually resulted only in long reports to be expensively printed, and then hidden away in damp vaults to await the visit of the dealer in junk. From time to time, as the political complexion of the Senate or House has changed, "graft" of this sort has been temporarily arrested, but it had become too fixed a habit to be easily or completely eradicated.

So accustomed had the Congressional mind become to the taking of the money raised by taxation for official wants, that there was only feeble resistance when members voted to expend \$1,200 a year for the payment of personal clerks at the rate of \$100 a month, the Senate granting the compensation outright and the House permitting it when the member was willing to make oath that he had expended the amount allowed in the actual employment of clerks in the performance of "necessary labor." This money goes to all Congressional clerks not employed as session or committee clerks at \$2,250 a year or less. This "clerk hire" is criticised, even by members of the House, as "graft" upon the salary of \$5,000, involving in its enjoyment only the risk of being discovered in exacting the prescribed amount when the service sworn to have been rendered has not really been performed. This implies that some members have been suspected of certifying that they really expended the \$100 a month, but were suspected of having put part of it into their own pockets, possibly after they had also drawn the \$125 in cash that is allowed annually to meet the necessary postage and stationary expenditures, regarded by the law as reasonable for each member.

Since the adoption of the "personal clerk" plan another species of "graft" has developed. A member who is desirous to be frequently and favorably brought to the notice of his constituents may adopt the plan of taking to Washington as his clerk a representative of a newspaper printed in his most important town. The clerk sends complimentary dispatches or letters about his patron to the paper, which may or may not compel the clerk to depend for his compensation upon the \$100 monthly paid to him as a clerk of the man employing him. Fidelity to his employer must be undeviating, and failure to meet that employer's expectations may be followed by instant loss of his job. The practice is deadly in its tendency to destroy independent criticism.

"Graft" has flourished in the matter of transportation, too. It is a very common custom to consider the payment of money for railroad travel as a luxury only to be enjoyed or indulged in by persons not in "public life." It probably would be found to have had its beginnings in the allowance to members of Congress of a "mileage" payment to enable them to

make the trip from home and back without drawing upon their official salary. It is now a big figure, amounting to one of the greatest items of expense of the Congress. Everybody takes the mileage allowance, and some members use part of it to pay their fares once from home and back. Others just put it in their pockets and travel on the passes sent to them or solicited by them from the railroads. The temptation to make "graft" with these opportunities is almost irresistible to some members, especially those living long distances from Washington and receiving the largest mileage allowances.

"Once a dead-head always a dead-head," becomes the motto of some men who have enjoyed the privilege of writing M. C. after their names; and instances might be quoted of the demand for transportation compliments even after the man for whom it is requested has ceased to be a member and so lost all claim for official recognition. Members with a certain degree of sensitiveness have adopted the rule, "never ask for or refuse a pass," and thus avoid the reproach of having invited the railroads to consider them as having assumed an attitude of being in debt to the corporations. What the master can do the servant aspires to do for himself. The subordinate officers and clerks, knowing that their employers travel on passes, solicit their influence to secure similar favors for themselves, and even for their friends, so that the offer of half-rates to home-going voters at election time is only comforting to those clerks who are destitute of influential patrons.

There are some Senators and Representatives who conscientiously oppose the asking for or taking of transportation favors, and who pay their way. There are not many of them, and all are pretty well known. When the transportation "graft" becomes thoroughly absorbing it asserts itself in seeking even free carriage on the street railways of the capital, and the use of this sort of free carriage is expected to be reflected in legislation to affect the conduct of the liberal managers. There was a time when a gaslight company in Washington was regarded as a promoter of "graft" in Congress. At that time it was not uncommon for certain members to be presented with receipted bills upon which a prodigious rebate had been allowed or nothing whatever paid. One of the employes of the company had one of the best berths in the desk of the House, where he could keep a close watch of the course of legislation. The late Ben: Perley Poore, before his death, made a *bon mot* that has persistently outlived him. One day, when the House sent a bill to the Senate by the hands of the agent of the gas company, Poore paraphrased the usual announcement with the exclamation, "Message from the gaslight company!"

Another rather melancholy sort of "graft" has prospered with the death and burial of members of the Senate and House. No matter what his political importance or social position, every member of Congress may expect to be luxuriously buried, and a long string of people benefit by his taking off. Here, at least, big men and little men are on an equality. The extravagance of Congressional funerals is the result not of family ambition, but of professional greed and official recklessness. For a New England Senator, for instance, the Senate made a funeral that cost \$3,765, and for that of a Southern Senator \$4,200 was expended, both Senators being men of frugal tastes and habits. For a distinguished member of the House from an Eastern State a funeral was made costing \$4,571, while the funeral of a Western Representative, who had all his life long been celebrated first of all for his strict economy, public and private, appropriately cost but about \$300. At more than one of these funerals, similar in most respects to all the others, there were thousands of dollars spent for special trains of sleeping-cars, special dining-cars and attendants, a plenty of "commissary supplies" for the mourning committees, and payments on a most liberal scale for singers, organists to play a plain tune or two on a parlor-organ, with unregulated hack hire to defray whenever the chance arose. There is no law for these funerals, and they are all paid for by the public on the assumption that "graft" is all right if nobody objects to it.

The Senate has become more luxurious than the House in later years, and besides insisting upon having ampler rooms and more numerous personal attendants than the House, it indulges in things that the members of the latter have not yet provided for themselves out of the treasury. As soon as the summer season sets in the Senate cloak-rooms are supplied with great coolers ever filled with lemonade brewed with carbonated water from a well-known distant spring. Lemons are bought by the box, sugar by hundreds of pounds, water by the case, the pink Potomac water supply not being regarded as fit for Senatorial lemonade. The "graft" is enjoyed by all persons who have entrance to the cloak-rooms, including clerks and pages and the bolder unauthorized thirsty people who manage to get under the canvas. It costs something like \$1,600 a summer to slake the thirst of the Senate and its satellites with lemonade. The House has not yet developed the thirst or the effrontery to saddle the public with a bill for "fizz" lemonade for its membership of nearly four hundred, not counting its myriad clerks who would be privileged to guzzle lemonade

without cost if the members ventured to provide it for themselves.

Then the Senate spends hundreds of dollars, all "graft," for bromo-caffeine, bromo-seltzer, lithia in tablets and quinine in pills, soda-mint, bromo-pepsin, cafebrine, hair tonic, and a lot of other drugs and dressings that are provided as necessary to maintain the efficiency of the body. On the pretext that it is "public service," Senators make use of the telegraph with the greatest freedom and at heavy expense, telegraphing postmasters by the dozens, editors by the wholesale, and "bosses" by the score upon matters possibly important only to them, and the contingent fund foots the bill. At the close of the session the Senate and the House indulge in a very plain species of "graft" in voting to all employes an extra month's pay. Everybody has a slice of this. The members who are engaged in manufacturing or other gainful business would not think of giving their employes thirteen months' pay for eleven months' work every two years if they were hired by the month, or two months' pay to every man already overpaid for twelve months in each year. Yet the Senate votes about \$45,000 extra pay for each short session, and \$50,000 for each long one. The clerks of Congress have come to look upon this extra pay as a sort of vested right, and the House that neglected to vote it--the Senate never does--would be held in contempt.

Outside of the Senate and the House "graft" is not uncommon. In some departments it flourishes uncorrected until some such revelation as that recently made in the Post-office Department or the Department of the Interior compels the government to lay hands on the offenders and arrest the practices, as was done in 1883, when the Star Route "grafter" were suddenly brought up with a round turn. Freedom from "graft" requires eternal vigilance and the insistence of law for every expenditure. Some years ago a courageous investigator, himself an office-holder, reported that a very important branch of the treasury could be made more efficient if the number of clerks employed in it could be reduced two-thirds. It was so loaded down with "graft" in the shape of useless clerks that absolute stoppage of business was threatened. The Secretary of the Treasury at that time was voted a lump sum with which to run his department for a year. He could take on or put off, as long as he could come reasonably near making appropriations and expenditures equal.

That sort of "graft" was stopped when Samuel J. Randall and Joseph G. Cannon determined that all estimates for departmental expenses must be made specifically, to cover all necessary clerk hire. The heads of departments said it could not be done, but after devoting a summer to personal investigation Randall and Cannon showed that it could be done, and it has been done by law ever since. But the desire to wrest a livelihood from government employment and the willingness of politicians to allow the government to give money on more or less plausible pretexts to their "working" friends keep the list of salaried persons longer than actual necessity requires. The theory is that the country is so rich that it can afford to wink at a good deal of "graft."

An instance of what looked like almost spontaneous development of "graft" was brought to light some years ago when it was discovered that a branch of the service of undoubted utility was living along without more reliable authorization than a line in an appropriation bill. It grew like a weed, and like a hospital, until its usefulness was menaced by the zeal with which its protectors and patrons overloaded it with non-scientific persons who were expected to perform scientific duties. Then a sweeping reform was effected and the service was increased in efficiency by shrinking the number of its hangers-on. A different sort of "graft" was that attributed to a famous economist who opposed the increase of a certain bureau pay-roll in the House and then on the sly got the allowance by the Senate of the item he had opposed and squeezed his son into the place thus provided. It is not always the fact that the most famous economists in the Senate or the House are the least zealous about seeking or giving places to their admiring constituents.

Much is said by those who are not familiar with the facts about the richness of the perquisites enjoyed by officers of the army and the navy. The fact is that in ordinary times the officers of the fighting branches have small opportunities to secure "graft." All their expenditures are carefully regulated by law and the comptroller and auditors. The mileage allowed to army and navy officers is but eight cents a mile, so that a trip on public business from Washington to New York and return is but about twelve dollars; and there is no chance of "grafting" in such an instance unless a pass can be obtained or the trip can be made within the limits of time allowed to the purchaser of an excursion ticket. The traveling officer is allowed enough to enable him to go by good trains and in parlor or sleeping cars, and to stop at decent hotels. Even a limited amount of "tipping" is permitted. But the opportunities for "graft" are very well restricted by law and the watchfulness of the auditing officers.

A great restraint upon "graft," but by no means

Continued on page 477.



L. BUELL,
EFFICIENT END
ON THE
'VARSITY TEAM.



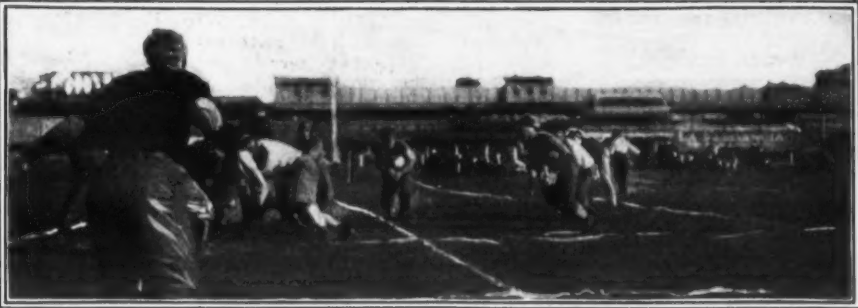
'VARSITY SQUAD ASSEMBLED ON SOUTH FIELD.



R. JONES,
THE WONDER-
FUL LITTLE
QUARTER-BACK.



CAPTAIN DICK
SMITH AND MGR.
HARRY FISHER.



QUARTER-BACK JONES, OF COLUMBIA, ABOUT TO PASS THE BALL TO DUELL IN THE GAME
WITH PENNSYLVANIA.



W. E. METZENTHIN,
THE NEW STAR
HALF-BACK, WHO
MAKES GREAT
RUNS.



DESPERATE MIX-UP IN THE GAME IN WHICH COLUMBIA
DEFEATED PENNSYLVANIA.



BISHOP, ONE OF THE BEST
ENDS COLUMBIA HAS
EVER HAD.



BIG TACKLE TOMMY THORPE SLAKING
HIS THIRST BETWEEN SCRIMMAGES.



JONES, THE QUARTER-BACK, IN THE GAME WITH PENNSYLVANIA, KICKING
A GOAL FOR COLUMBIA—CAPTAIN SMITH ON THE GROUND.



H. B. POST, ONE OF THE ENDS
ON THE 'VARSITY ELEVEN.



TRAINER SPONGING
OFF CAPTAIN
SMITH AFTER A HOT
SCRIMMAGE.



JOHN
THORPE,
A NEW
MAN OF
GREAT
PROMISE
AS A
PLAYER.



LIVELY PRACTICE ON SOUTH FIELD BY THE 'VARSITY SQUAD.



W. C. DUELL, A SPEEDY BACK.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S STRENUOUS FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

PORTRAITS OF THE BRAVY MEN WHOSE HARD WORK HAS BROUGHT THEIR ELEVEN INTO THE FOREMOST RANK.

Photographs by William P. S. Earle.



California—Greater All the Time



By Hamilton Wright, Secretary California Promotion Committee

HISTORY HAS cast a glamour over California, but history is of the past. The days of romantic conceptions of the Pacific coast are gone, and the present era of industrialism, of statistics, of exports and imports measured in dollars, is the logical turning to commercial pursuits which follows the rapid development of natural resources. From the beginning the history of California abounds in events of remarkable advertising value to the State. The first man to announce the discovery of gold in California was also the first to plant an orange-tree. When General John Bidwell told in the streets of San Francisco that James W. Marshall had discovered gold on Sutter's Creek, on the north fork of the American River, it needed no electric circuit to communicate the intelligence to every quarter of the globe, and the great tide of immigration which rolled to the Pacific coast brought wider knowledge of the resources of California than twenty years of quiet colonization could have done. The old orange-tree at Bidwell's Bar, in the Sacramento valley, 170 miles north of San Francisco, still stands, and General Bidwell's "shade tree" has been the indirect source of greater wealth to the Golden State than all the gold which lured the prospector across the Sierra Nevadas.

Oh, I'll leave my wife and children,
My home and fam-i-lee,
For I'm bound for the Sacramento
With a wash-pan on my knee.

To-day California, the second largest State in the Union, with a coast-line greater than all New England, and with a diversity of climate and topography which matches that of any region of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, stands as the most conspicuous success of the results of advertising of any region in the world. The great trackless prairies, alkali flats, plains of sage brush, foothills impenetrable with manzanita, and the intervening Sierras would have exerted a restraining influence upon the settlement of the Pacific coast had not California proclaimed her wares and "made good." Looking at the State from an industrial standpoint, the most notable feature is not the wide diversity of its products, which is well known, but the great yields in many variant pursuits. With a population of 1,500,000, California produced last year more than forty million dollars' worth of fruits, both citrus and deciduous, exclusive of home consumption. Its gold production was \$17,000,000, and the total value of all mineral substances exceeded thirty-one million dollars. The value of its dairy products was more than eighteen million dollars. The production of crude petroleum will this year, it is estimated, equal 20,000,000 barrels. In 1902 California produced 42,000,000 gallons of wine, or two-thirds the entire wine production of the United States, and returns from most of the wine producing districts indicate that the grape crop of 1903 will be twenty per cent. greater than that of the previous year.

In the production of honey, raisins, beet-sugar, oranges, garden-seed, figs, etc., California leads. There are 72,000 farms in California, and more than ninety per cent. of them are managed by owners and part owners. The value of export wheat and barley last year was \$21,000,000.

All of California's agricultural pursuits may be said to be followed, as a rule, by two classes of persons—the large rancher, who raises his produce on a vast scale, and the small farmer, the man who cultivates the soil intensively, who rears his family, and makes a comfortable living on from five to twenty acres of land. The success in cultivation of small plots of land under irrigation is one of the greatest of all factors in the State's progress. Old Spanish land grants, which for years have been held in great tracts, are breaking up before the settler; large wheat ranches have been subdivided and plotted for orchards and berry farms. One of the most notable instances of success in small farming is that of Mr. Cleek, of Orland, who has lived

on a single acre of land for twenty-five years, and from it has made enough to support himself and wife and put money in the bank almost every year. In fact, Mr. Cleek has accumulated sufficient capital from this plot to be able to loan money. Mr. Thomas Oats has an orchard two miles from Sacramento, from which he realized \$1,200 an acre for Royal Ann cherries.

Florin, in Sacramento County, is noted for its strawberries. Up to August 5th last year Florin shipped 1,095 tons of strawberries, having a value of \$131,400. Mr. Robert Barneby, at Florin, rented five acres of land on equal shares; the patch yielded 2,900 crates from which Mr. Barneby received as his half, after paying for all crates and baskets, \$1,026. I have names of about thirty others at Florin, which possesses a railway station, a country store, and some other scattered buildings, who have done as well. Margaret and Lizzie McMurray, at Fair Oaks, off a quarter of an acre of Phenomenal and Logan berries, sold \$300 worth of berries, net, besides \$144 worth of plants. Mr. Wing Stewart, of San Diego, 500 miles south, has forty bushes of guavas on a patch of ground 30 x 68 feet in size, from which he has at this writing picked 2,000 pounds of fruit; before the season closes in February he will have picked another 1,000 pounds. Mr. J. E. Hayden this year tells me he sold \$500 worth of strawberries from one acre of ground. The output of berry farms is not included in statistics of the State's fruit crop.

Diversified farming is also playing an important part in the development of California. Mr. F. S. Clifton, of Reedley, Fresno County, has twenty acres, which cost him fifty dollars an acre for the raw land. It is all planted to fruit trees and alfalfa. Mr. Clifton says that for the first four years his place just about paid him for his time and the money he put into it. While his orchard was growing he raised pumpkins, melons, corn, and small fruits; now he makes \$500 a year above living expenses, and he wouldn't sell for \$2,500. In 1900 he bought sixteen acres adjoining his tract, and that year he sold his raisin crop for \$1,900 and got \$300 from the wineries. He did better in 1901 and last year. These small farmers are some of the men who are making California. There are thousands of small farmers, and it is they who are building up a great agricultural community, with its district schools, "ranch" houses, and village communities.

Growing fruits for foreign markets has become in California a vast industry. It takes an army of 250,000 workers to harvest from the orchards and vineyards a product whose value is upward of forty million dollars each year exclusive of home consumption. Owing to the great proportions which harvesting the crop has assumed, the work has been specialized and the various steps in the task of the entire harvest have each been detailed to a certain class of workers. There are the "pickers," who gather the fruit; the packers, who wrap the oranges, lemons, and fresh deciduous fruits, for shipment, in tissue-paper and pack them in boxes of fixed capacity, with fruit of a certain size, swiftly, deftly, and, more than all, carefully. There is the expert, who nails the bulging boxes without injury to the cargo. There is the commercial shipper, who buys the produce on the trees often before the crop is ripe, who supervises the picking, takes the risk of shipping, and sells in Eastern markets. There is the speculator, who takes his chance on "any kind of a crop," and there are a score of other workers.

No other harvest in the world is conducted on lines similar to those which obtain in the harvest season of California. It has assumed a new and distinct phase, and all in the past fifteen to eighteen years. Get in a fruit town in the shipping season and you have nothing but fruit. Everything is estimated in fruit production. Saloons are open, life is a holiday, and money flows as easily as in a mining camp on pay-day. Nearly all the deciduous fruits, green and cured, raisins

and canned fruits, wines and brandy are produced in the northern and central portions of California. Southern California leads in citrus fruits, such as oranges, lemons, and walnuts. Last year 10,039 ten-ton cars of fresh deciduous fruit were shipped from California in addition to 2,700 cars of lemons and 18,000 cars of oranges. In the last twelve years shipments of green fruits have increased 294.7 per cent., and from 1890 to 1901 the shipments of citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, etc.) increased 947 per cent.

There is one district in California where, it is said, the miners all wore silk hats and frock coats for two years. This was in Siskiyou County, and the miners were islanders or natives, who had come over from Hawaii to work placer streams. The first year they dressed in this most conventional manner because they took out a lot of gold and deemed their fortune worthy of celebration. The second year the surface workings played out and they had nothing else to wear. Mining in California is of great importance. There was an apparent decline in interest in mining following the exhaustion of surface workings and gold more easily obtained, but with the establishment of low-grade propositions, suitable to treat the apparently inexhaustible supply, California will continue in reputation as a gold-producing country. The gravel-drift mines in California are unique. The buried channels of prehistoric river beds are pursued with shafts and tunnels. The shaft of the Hidden Treasure Mine in Placer County extends five miles into the earth, and all power is obtained by compressed air. At Oroville huge floating gold dredgers take more than \$1,500,000 from the river bottom every year.

In the vast development of electric power and its transmission California is solving the problem for cheaper fuel and power. Fifty million dollars is invested in power plants in California, and at least 140,000 horse-power has been converted from water-power into electrical energy. Eighty thousand horse-power is in process of development. The power of mountain streams is now utilized to run street-cars, ship-yards, mines, canning factories, dredgers, to illuminate, to propel machinery, to pump water for irrigation, and even to heat buildings in far-away localities. Added to this is the fact that the value of the streams whence this power comes is not diminished, for most of the water issuing from the water-wheels is re-diverted for the purpose of irrigation. In fact, the use of water for power production does not consume one drop of the fluid, but only the energy furnished by its fall.

Up in Red Bluff, at the head of navigation on the Sacramento River, electric light is so cheap that people do not trouble to turn out their lights in the day time, and the lighted globes in the street serve as a first-rate advertisement of the fact. The longest transmission system in the world is that which carries power from the Colgate power house at Folsom to Oakland, a distance of 219 miles. When the Folsom plant was built, in 1894, it transmitted the largest amount of power in the world. The first current that flashed along its wires carried 4,000 horse-power twenty-one miles, at a voltage of 11,000. Years were spent in the work at Folsom. An immense masonry dam, 650 feet long, 24 feet wide at the crest, 87 feet high at the bottom, and 89 feet high at the highest point, had been thrown across the American River. The dam contains 50,000 cubic yards of granites and creates a reservoir three miles long. At either end are massive headgates to contract the passage of the water into canals which gives flow of 85,000 cubic feet per minute. The water supply is sufficient for the irrigation of 300,000 acres of land, including large areas on both sides of the American River. The work on the Folsom plant eight years ago was second only to that at Niagara Falls, and the plant now furnishes 5,000 horse-power a distance of twenty-one miles to Sacramento for use by street-car lines, electric-lighting com-

Continued on page 464.



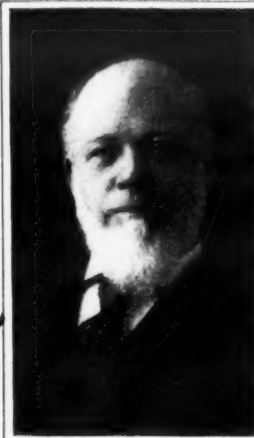
A. SBARBORS,
Chairman, representing the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association.



GEORGE W. MCNEAR,
Treasurer, representing the Merchants' Exchange.



RUFUS P. JENNINGS,
Executive officer, representing the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

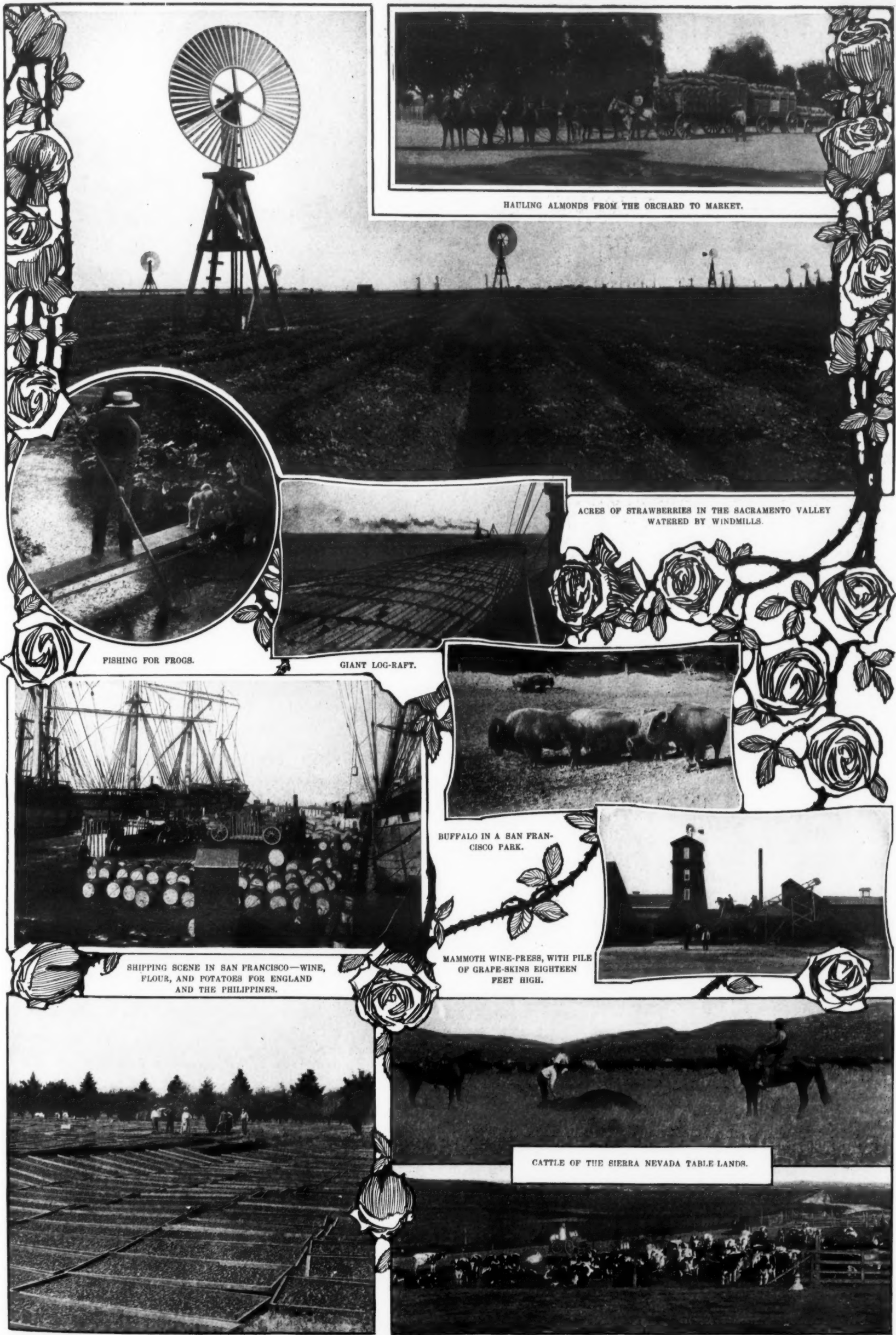


A. A. WATKINS,
Representing the San Francisco Board of Trade.



FREDERICK J. KOESTER,
Representing the Merchants' Association.

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE, ENGAGED IN A WORK OF PROGRESS.



HAULING ALMONDS FROM THE ORCHARD TO MARKET.

ACRES OF STRAWBERRIES IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY WATERED BY WINDMILLS.

FISHING FOR FROGS.

GIANT LOG-RAFT.

BUFFALO IN A SAN FRANCISCO PARK.

SHIPPING SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO—WINE, FLOUR, AND POTATOES FOR ENGLAND AND THE PHILIPPINES.

MAMMOTH WINE-PRESS, WITH PILE OF GRAPE-SKINS EIGHTEEN FEET HIGH.

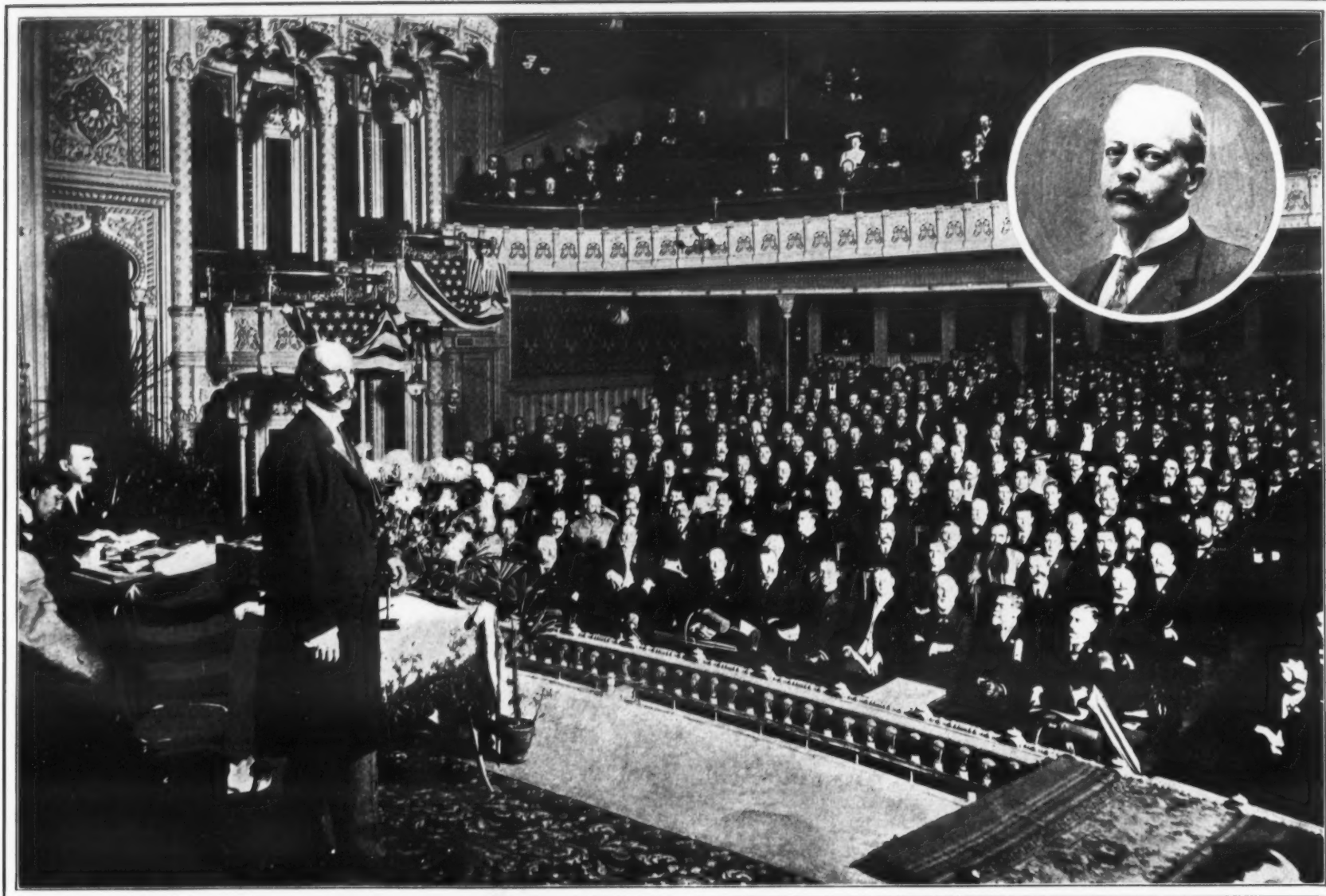
CATTLE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA TABLE LANDS.

MANY ACRES OF PRUNES DRYING IN THE SUN.

MILKING-TIME ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

CALIFORNIA'S RICH AND VARIED INDUSTRIES.

FRUIT, AGRICULTURE, STOCK-RAISING, SHIPPING, AND MINING ARE AMONG THE MANY RESOURCES OF THIS RICH AND PROSPEROUS STATE.



NOTABLE GATHERING OF THE NEW WORLD'S ABLEST FINANCIERS.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL SESSION OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, HELD RECENTLY IN THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Steele.

California—Greater All the Time.

Continued from page 462.

panies, and in factories and in the great Southern Pacific machine-shops.

The success of this great plant was only made possible by the fact that the year after it started an alternating-current motor was invented which made electrically transmitted power available for manufacturing purposes. The first plants could employ their currents for lighting and for propulsion of street railways alone, but here was a new application which made the patronage and the profits of the concern doubly sure. The demand for electric power and the field for its operation in California are proved by the alacrity with which it has been caught up by consumers all along the power line. All transmission plants are now running their full capacities with their whole outfit in use and more in demand. Very lately the large Folsom plant was found inadequate to supply Sacramento with sufficient current, and additional power was obtained from Colgate. All electric-power companies strive to acquire a business so uniform that it will take a full supply each and every hour of the day, for a plant will furnish just so many horse-power, and it costs as much to maintain a plant whether or not it is supplying the full current. In industries which call for a continuous supply of power, electrically transmitted power is an exceedingly cheap commodity; but despite the nature of the service, electricity has largely supplanted steam as a source of power in San Francisco.

Dairying is an industry whose growth has been phenomenal. California, with 300,000 acres in alfalfa, has abundant forage for cattle. The average value of dairy cattle in California is \$40.43 against \$30.21 elsewhere, and cattle can graze the year round without housing. There is not a county in the State where dairying is not obtaining recognition. Wine making is another industry which is coming forward as one of the most prominent in the State. There are 210,000 acres planted to grapes. The largest wine cistern in the world is at the Italian-Swiss colony at Asti, in Sonoma County, north of San Francisco. Here is a huge submerged cistern capable of holding half a million gallons of wine—a veritable lake of wine, five times as large as the tun of Heidelberg. It was built to conserve the wine until a proper time for marketing, and here the ruddy vintage mellows and grows in deliciousness. Yet this big cistern is not huge enough to contain all the wine here produced, for there are in the wineries huge vats whose aggregate capacity is 3,000,000 gallons. One hundred persons have danced to the music of a military band in the great wine cistern at Asti, which is eighty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It would take more than eighty cisterns like that at Asti to contain the entire output of California.

Two great mountain ranges, the Sierra Madre, or Coast Range, on the west, and the Sierra Nevadas in

the eastern portion of the State, extend almost the entire length of California, and wander, broken irregularly, to Alaska. Between these ranges are California's inland valleys—the Sacramento valley, 250 miles in length and containing 6,500,000 acres of cultivable land; the valley of the San Joaquin, a mighty inland basin, extending almost three hundred miles to the south and containing the great raisin belt of Fresno, the huge wheat district which inspired Frank Norris's "Octopus," and the reclaimed swamp-lands of the San Joaquin at Stockton. Here thousands of acres of once inundated land have been converted from dismal marshes into dairy farms.

The largest asparagus plantation in the world is that at Bouldin Island, near Stockton; 625 car-loads of preserved asparagus have been shipped in one season from this great plantation, all of which is below tide-water level. Steam packets, like those of the Mississippi, chug along the waterways. The air of San Francisco is bracing. People go on the jump; perhaps the breezes through the Golden Gate keep them up to the eternal "hustling" point. A San Francisco man is as much in a hurry as a Chicagoan. Since Dewey's battle of Manila Bay the commerce of San Francisco has increased from twenty to twenty-five per cent. each year. San Francisco's exports amount to fifty millions a year, and its imports are ten millions less. The State is sending out her wares and taking in big money in return. No cities in the West have grown more rapidly than San Francisco and Los Angeles. One sees new buildings everywhere. Cities, mere villages in 1880, are in 1903 cities of sky-scrapers, of beautiful residences, of palatial hotels.

And in closing—one thing about California people. They love their State. Their enthusiasm for California is remarkably noticeable. The Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West are organizations enrolling more than three hundred thousand members who proudly boast their California parentage. A unique organization in California's development is the California Promotion Committee at San Francisco, representing the leading commercial organizations of the State. The Promotion Committee is supported entirely by subscriptions, the subscribers being associate members. Its members serve gratuitously. It was organized a year and a half ago, and in that time it has brought thousands of settlers to the State. It has published unbiased matter relating to California and distributes it throughout the world; it has maintained a number of lecturers with stereopticon views in the East. Great blocks of land, through the medium of the committee, are being divided up for settlers. The committee has nothing to sell, and the benefits gained by those who contribute to its funds are those which they share in common with the entire State. In the Promotion Committee California has centralized her work of State development. Thousands of inquiries are received by the committee and intelligent responses given.

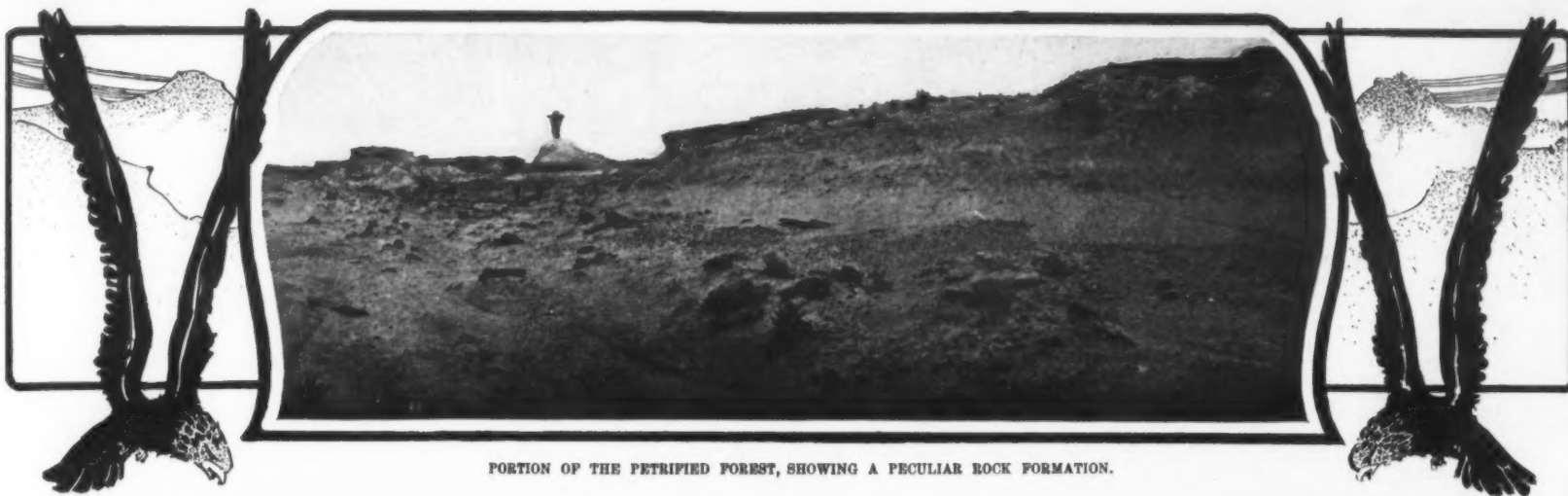
Arizona's Wonderful Petrified Forest.

SMALL SPECIMENS of silicified wood have been found on the plateaus of southern Utah, and on the east fork of the Yellowstone, but to Arizona belongs the great natural wonder in this line. Down in Apache County, along the old Santa Fé trail, is a forest of surpassing beauty—the largest of its kind in the world. Here giant pines and redwoods, which stood ages ago, have silicified, and are lying prone upon the ground in what the scientists tell us was once the bed of an ancient sea. Two thousand acres of the strange forest, the altitude of which is one mile above the level of the sea, are located nine miles southeast of Adamana. This portion is perhaps the most interesting, owing to the fact that a huge petrified tree has fallen from one mesa to another, forming a bridge of jasper. One of the feats of the tourist is to walk this stone log, the diameter of which is about four feet, and its length across the chasm sixty, although the tree may be traced as many more.

A few years ago an attempt was made to hew a niche in the fallen monarch for the purpose of destroying it. This weakened its natural support and caused the United States government to erect two abutments of masonry, which mar the symmetry of this marvel of nature. In another part of the forest a peculiar limestone formation stands on a plateau. It rises thirty-five feet and has every appearance of being the handiwork of some skilled sculptor. A hawk has built her nest on the top of "the lonely sentinel," and seems to be the one living thing among all these ruins. There is no human habitation for miles, and save only here and there a tuft of sage brush and a few scraggy cottonwood trees near the petrified bridge, it is just jasper and agate of every conceivable shape.

The coloring of the forest suggests the "painted desert." The mesas, some of which rise 150 feet, are variegated with shale, clay, and limestone, while everywhere huge trunks of trees and petrified blocks of wood glisten like so many jewels. In some places the specimens are piled together as if some mighty upheaval had taken place, while in others they are scattered far and wide. The largest log is about eight feet in diameter, but thousands of smaller ones may be found ranging from three to ten feet in length. Although the deposits seem to be without limit the government has wisely forbidden even the tourist to take away more than he can carry. A "forest ranger" is always on hand to see that the law is carried out in this respect. The petrified forest is Adamana's reason for being. The town consists of a telegraph-office and a small ranch-house, where a dozen people may live while doing the forest.

EXCHANGE weakness for health—lassitude for energy—by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At all druggists'. Refuse substitutes.



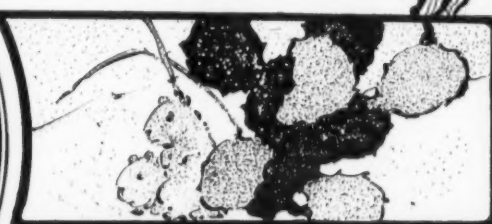
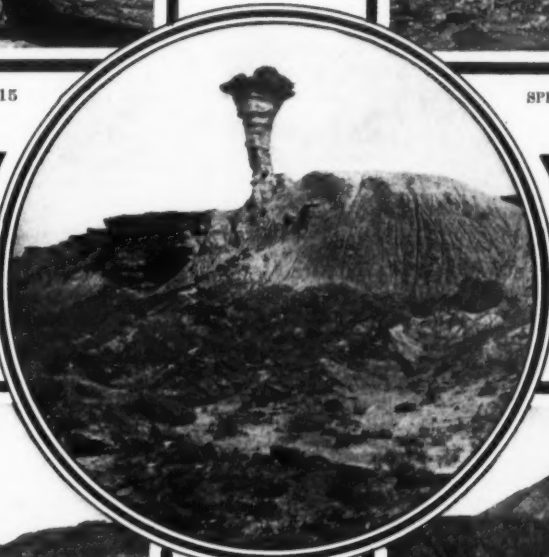
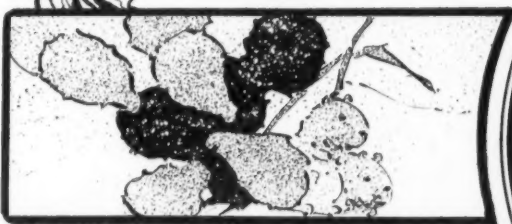
PORTION OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST, SHOWING A PECULIAR ROCK FORMATION.



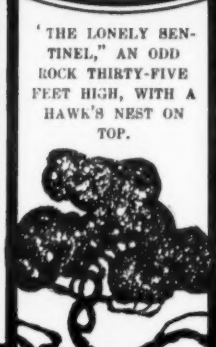
BIG PETRIFIED TREE FORMING A BRIDGE 115 FEET LONG OVER A DEEP GORGE.



SPECIMEN OF PETRIFIED WOOD, EIGHT FEET IN DIAMETER, LARGEST YET FOUND.



WHERE THE LARGEST SPECIMENS ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE FOREST.



SECTION IN WHICH THE SPECIMENS ARE MOST NUMEROUS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST, WHICH COVERS AN AREA OF 2,000 ACRES.

LARGEST PETRIFIED FOREST IN THE WORLD.

WONDERFUL FREAK OF NATURE NEAR ADAMANA, ARIZ.—2,000 ACRES STREWN WITH PETRIFIED WOOD.

Photographs by Mrs. C. R. Miller.—See Page 477.



A PRUNE-GROVE AT MAYWOOD, CAL.—EIGHT-YEAR-OLD TREES BEARING 200 POUNDS OF FRUIT EACH.



LUXURIANT BARTLETT-PEAR ORCHARD, YIELDING \$150 WORTH OF FRUIT TO THE ACRE.



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ALMOND GROVE AT MAYWOOD, AN ACRE PRODUCING \$153 WORTH OF NUTS.



How Fruit Transformed a Wild California Town

By Harry Beardsley



IN THE Sacramento valley in California, between the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range, is a town and community of 3,000 inhabitants, where there is no lawyer, no policeman, and where there has been no funeral for nine months. The undertaker is in the grocery and hardware business—otherwise there might have been one funeral but no undertaker.

Ten years ago, when this community had not one-tenth of its present population, there existed ten saloons. Now there are three. The Baptists, the Christians, the Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Catholics—all have churches. There is a new high school, a new ward school, and a women's club that has for one of its objects the hospitable reception of those who come to live in Corning, Cal., or the Maywood colony. Three million dollars, gathered from all corners of the world, have come into this community. And all this growth, this transformation, is due to the gentle influence of fruit trees, the civilizing force of orchards.

The town of Corning is in the midst of a fruit forest of one million members. These one million trees are distributed over land that ten years ago was covered with wheat fields and wild prairie grass. The origin and development of this community and its present plan of operation are unlike those of any of the colonies and co-operative settlements in various parts of the West. The 30,000 acres in this great tract are parceled off into ten-acre lots, and these are subdivided into five- and two-and-a-half acre lots. About two-thirds of this ground is owned by persons who dwell on it and cultivate it. They have usually ten acres or more, which they own absolutely. Here they have built cottages and live independently with their families. The ten acres earn from \$400 to \$1,500 a year; and besides, there are other sources of income of which I will speak later on. Nearly all of the remainder of the ground is owned by non-residents, who bought it for investment. Five thousand acres are held by the proprietor of the colony, Mr. Warren N. Woodson, and are still open to settlement. Twelve thousand acres of this land are devoted entirely to orchards of peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, oranges, lemons, olives, almonds, figs, and grapes. The colony is about eight miles square. It is an afternoon's drive from the town of Corning to the outskirts of the settlement and back again. But from a high tower, which has been erected in the village for the colony office, one can look over the entire tract of 30,000 acres, distinguishing its outline clearly, particularly in summer, by the sharp contrast of the green of the orchards with the dried wheat fields or prairie beyond.

From this tower the scene is beautiful. On all sides is the great orchard. It is divided into squares by the roads, which in the distance look like mere brown lines in the field of green. At one side is the Sacramento River. From the tower one can follow its course by its border of thick trees, although it is five miles away from the town. And among the green squares, which are the orchards, are dots of lighter colors, the houses and stables of those who own and live on the fruit farms. It is a strange picture—the green of comfort and plenty in the midst of what seems to be a barren and desolate waste of prairies. And when one climbs down from the tower and sees these plats of green close at hand the impression is intensified by the tons of ripe fruit which one observes on the trees, and by the pounds, at least, which one eats.

Starting as a business enterprise, the Maywood colony has, through necessity, developed interesting co-operative features. To understand the situation most readily it would be best to describe a single instance. Mr. Bacon was a book-keeper in a Massachusetts town when he bought, through correspondence, ten acres of ground in the Maywood colony, receiving his deed from Mr. Woodson, the proprietor. Mr. Bacon was not in good health. Bending over a desk all day in the confinement of a small office had so injured him that he realized that he must soon seek relief in a natural, open-air existence. He bought a ten-acre farm, the usual purchase of those who go to Maywood. The prices vary from twenty to seventy-five dollars an acre, depending on the quality of the soil and the distance from town. Mr. Bacon paid fifty dollars an acre for his ground. It was three miles from Corning. If he had preferred to buy ground four miles from town he could have had it at \$400; or five miles away at \$300 or \$200. He had saved money and paid cash

for it; but, if he had chosen, he could have bought it on the installment plan.

Having bought his land Mr. Bacon wanted to have fruit trees set out on it. He selected peaches. Through the first of the co-operative organizations of the colony this work was done much better than Mr. Bacon, lacking experience, could have done it himself, and just as well as though Mr. Bacon had been on the ground to superintend the labor. The co-operative organization first bought 900 trees—ninety trees to the acre—at fifteen cents each, amounting to \$135. Then the lot had to be graded, so that its drainage would be perfect and no water stand on it in pools during the rainy season. To have this done he paid \$3.25 a day for the services of a man, his team, plow, and scraper. And this work cost him fifty dollars. This put his ground in perfect condition for setting out trees. Much of the ground in Maywood, however, does not have to be graded. Then came the third item of expense for Mr. Bacon, that of plowing and harrowing the lot, staking it off so as to get the trees in straight rows, digging the holes for the 900 trees, planting and trimming them, and then hoeing, cultivating, and harrowing the ground to keep it moist and prevent the growth of weeds for the remainder of the first season. This last item of expense was twenty-five dollars an acre, or \$250. So that during the first year, in addition to paying out \$500 for the ground, the expense of Mr. Bacon's fruit farm was \$435.

The cost of caring for the orchard after that was \$12.50 an acre, or \$125 each year, until Mr. Bacon and his wife and two children went out to Maywood to live. It is necessary always to keep the surface of the ground well stirred with the plow and cultivator, otherwise under the heat of the sun it will lose too much of its moisture and the trees will suffer. It was after the fourth year that Mr. Bacon moved to the Maywood colony. His orchard paid him from that time from \$40 to \$150 an acre every year, and, as he had brought enough money to build a small cottage and to buy a team of horses, a wagon, and the necessary farm implements, Mr. Bacon was living very comfortably. When I saw him he was sunburned and smiling, and driving a wagon-load of tomatoes to the canning factory in town. His wife was watering roses in the front yard, and his two fat little children, with vociferous energy, were endeavoring to hold a big shepherd dog down on his back. The dry air of this climate, its freshness and purity, cured Mr. Bacon of the afflictions which his confining occupation had brought upon him.

While each inhabitant of the Maywood colony has his own home and little ranch, and his own work to do, there are three co-operative organizations by which all help one another. The first of these is the one already mentioned, by which the land of non-residents, or those who hold more than they can attend themselves, is planted and cared for. The officers of this association are members of the colony. They have a central bureau for the distribution of work. The request of the non-resident for attention to his land is turned over to the organization, and the work is allotted to colonists. Under ordinary circumstances one man can care for forty acres of orchard. The individual who owns ten acres has, therefore, time to attend to thirty more. Here is an opportunity for those who have small orchards to receive an income aside from that derived from the sale of their own products. Wages for a man are \$1.75 a day, and with a two-horse team he makes \$3.25 a day. During the

fruit-picking season the remuneration is based usually on the quantity of fruit picked, and men earn from \$2 to \$6 daily. Boys from fourteen to sixteen earn about \$2 a day, and women who pick fruit receive in some cases from \$2 to \$3 a day.

The second corporation conducts a canning factory, the output of which is about twenty carloads of finished fruit, or, approximately, \$25,000 worth a year. This factory buys fruit from the colonists, so that there is at Maywood always a ready market for the output of the orchards. The factory cans tomatoes, also, in large quantities. The fruit ranchers raise them between the rows of trees of their orchards, and receive at the factory ten dollars a ton. From six to twelve tons may be raised on a single acre in the long California season. So the tomato crop, only a by-product, amounts to from \$60 to \$120 per acre every year.

A third co-operative association conducts an evaporator. In this prunes, a staple product, are cured by artificial heat, so that if the fall rains should interfere with the sun-curing of the prune crop the fruit is gathered and taken to the evaporating plant, thus preventing loss. The canning factory, the dryer, and the evaporating plant furnish work to from 250 to 500 men, women, boys, and girls of the colony. They each receive from fifty cents to \$2.50 a day wages. Being co-operative, these institutions are not conducted like the usual plants of this sort. There is much more of the social relation between those who work in the colony's concern. But the people of the colony have the best times at their work during the olive- and almond-picking season. In this part of California, where the air has none of the chill or dampness of the sea breezes, almonds grow luxuriantly, the trees looking like hot-house plants, the nuts being sweet and sound. The almonds ripen in September; the husks of the nuts are then dry. They open on the trees and are ready to be picked. The olives mature in November. Olive-picking and almond-gathering are the allotted work of the girls and women. The summer heat is past then, and parties gather around the pretty trees, chatting and laughing as they pull the fruit from the branches and throw it into boxes. And they receive for their work fifteen cents an hour—\$1.50 for a ten-hour day. These occasions have much of the spirit of the "huskin' bees" of the old New England days.

There are scores of persons throughout the Central and Eastern States who have bought fruit lots in the Maywood colony and who have employed the co-operative association to plant and attend their orchards and harvest their fruit. Their ranches are now paid for, and they receive an income every year from these ranches sufficient to support them. One of these is a college professor in Galesburg, Ill. He bought twenty acres eight years ago, had it set out in prunes and peaches, and now receives every year a net income from it of from \$1,000 to \$1,300, varying with the abundance of the crop and price of fruit. This is equal to interest at the rate of about thirty per cent. on his investment.

The Maywood colony borders on the Sacramento River, and is over what is like a submarine sea. Water is found in many places at five feet of depth. It is pure, sparkling, and health-giving. Where it is needed on the land it is supplied by pumps, which are usually sunk to about twenty feet and which fill large reservoirs. From these the water is carried to different parts of the orchards in wooden pipes laid under ground. It is brought to the surface by hydrants and distributed over the ground in small trenches.

The success of the Maywood colony is due largely to the activity and the conscientious care of Mr. Woodson, the proprietor. He is up at five in the morning and away to some remote portion of the colony to see that work undertaken on the property of some one who does not reside on his ground is properly done. Mr. Woodson is active, too, in the affairs of the co-operative associations and in the matter of finding a profitable market for the colony's products. The progress of this colony plan in such a short time makes it a most interesting example of American activity. It shows, too, the universal desire of men and women to have homes of their own in peace and comfort. Something is lacking in the man who does not want to be his own master. Maywood is still young. In a few years, when the fortunes of its colonists have increased and repose succeeds the activity and thrift of youth, this will be one of the most beautiful spots in beautiful California.



FROM THE VERANDA OF A MAYWOOD FRUIT-RANCH.



AN ODD TURNOUT—BULL HARNESSSED COMPLETE, WITH BIT, ETC., USED AS A HORSE AT PLYMOUTH, PENN.
Fred Clemow, Pennsylvania.



THE PICTURESQUE "SEVEN FALLS," IN CHEYENNE CANYON, COL.
W. H. T. Huhn, Pennsylvania.



LORENZO BELL, FIRST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES TO DELIVER MAIL IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS IN AN AUTOMOBILE.—*Ernst Pell, Pennsylvania.*



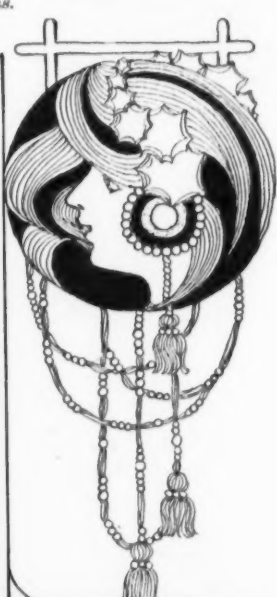
FARMERS LOADING APPLES ON THE CARS AT A STATION IN THE MICHIGAN FRUIT BELT.—*Ralph B. Beal, Michigan.*



IMPOSING STATE CAPITOL OF TEXAS, AT AUSTIN.
Burke Baker, Texas.



(PRIZE-WINNER.) BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE INUNDATED DISTRICT AT PATERSON, N. J., DURING THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOOD.
A. R. Burdick, New Jersey.



SKILLFUL ENGINEERING FEAT—RAISING SOUTH-END STEEL BRIDGE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FOURTEEN FEET ABOVE THE OLD LEVEL—TWO SPANS ALREADY ELEVATED.—*H. F. Ludbury, Massachusetts.*



"OLD MOTHER ANN," A ROCK FORMATION IN MASSACHUSETTS WHICH SHOWS DISTINCTLY THE PROFILE OF A WOMAN.
Roswell W. Mears, Massachusetts.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—NEW JERSEY WINS.
STRIKING PHASES OF NATURE AND INTERESTING ACTIVITIES OF MEN PRESENTED PICTORIALLY.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 481.)

A Connecticut Man's Surprises

By O. Shedd



ORIGINAL LOG-HOUSE OF THE STONEWALL CAMP—THIRTY YEARS OLD—NOW A WOOD-SHED.



LAKE BED ON THE CUYAMACA RANCH, WHERE GRASSES



THE MAN from Connecticut pronounced the word "Ky-mock-ur." The spelling of it is C-u-y-a-m-a-c-a. And the "natives," trained to the lazy softness of the Spanish tongue, call it, as near as I can reproduce the sound in letters, "Que-a-mac-a," the "c" being very lightly touched. I mention this because the difference between "Kymockur" and "Queamac-a" expresses just the difference between the life of the New Englander, for instance, and the life on the ranch in San Diego County, Cal., which bears this name. And this ranch, besides being in some ways entirely unique, typifies those things which have given to Californians a State pride scarcely second to that of the Kentuckian. The Californian and the Kentuckian both have been charged with being over-boastful on the subject of their particular States. I don't blame either of them.

To the man from Connecticut, the way of living on this California ranch was new. He saw and did and experienced many things that were strange and delightful to him. He was on the ranch three days, and during that time his appetite and capacity expanded enormously, and his weight increased three pounds. There were four other subjects that interested him greatly—the cattle, the gold mines, the scenery, and (being from New England) the commercial possibilities. In the first place, he was never in the midst of so much of the absolute glory of nature as when he rode a pony to the summit of Cuyamaca mountain. From that point on the ranch, not more than a mile above the level of the sea, he viewed the Pacific Ocean, fifty-five miles away, with the sun's reflection a path of gold upon its surface; he looked into Mexico and Arizona and far to the north in California.

Descriptions of the grandeur of nature are always inadequate. They are palpably weak and futile. Attempts to express in words the emotions which come in the presence of the most noble natural scenes bear a confession of impotency. The painter, perhaps, is a little more successful than the writer, but only a little.

The man from Connecticut had scarce a word to say as he looked at the panorama from Cuyamaca peak. But his eyes softened, and he didn't hear the voluble talk of his companions. He was thinking of those who were dearest to him, and wishing that they, too, could be there to share the solemn pleasure which he felt. His thoughts took no more definite form than that. Once he said, "Why, this is very fine," and then suddenly he became silent again as though the words had been only a desecration.

This Cuyamaca ranch could have been very properly reserved as a park. In the ride from the summit down the side of the peak one traverses fields of ferns, acres in extent, under the majestic pines and cedars; and the trail is bordered with wild-lilac bushes that in the spring give an exquisite fragrance to the air. Below the timbered hillsides are the flat mesas and the long valleys, and in the distance a beautiful crystal lake. All this the man from Connecticut saw and felt, and will remember, I am sure, until his dying day. Suddenly he heard a disturbance among the oak-trees and the manzanita bushes ahead of him.

"Perhaps it's a deer," he said to himself, "or a bear."

He didn't make these suggestions aloud, because he knew that "tenderfoot" remarks made in ignorance of conditions and on the impulse of the moment are apt to be ludicrous. But he heard the rustling among the leaves again, and saw the boughs of the oak-trees quivering. And then he perceived half dozen gentle cattle browsing placidly among the oaks. They looked up at him and his companion without interest and returned to their luncheon of leaves.

"They aren't like the cattle I saw on the plains last summer," said the Connecticut citizen. "Those fellows were as wild as deer. Whenever we came in sight of them they scampered away, and then stopped and turned clear around and looked at us, their eyes wild, their heads held high, and their sides heaving. It is a different proposition here. Isn't it?"

Then the stranger was told that on this ranch of about twenty-one thousand acres more than a thousand cattle live during eight months of the year in peace and plenty, with room for 4,000. They graze on the rich grasses of the valleys and mesas; they browse on the tender and nourishing leaves of the young oaks, and they drink from the cool springs that rise near the mountain-tops. Wire fences strung up and down the hillsides and across the valleys mark the limit of the range.

"There is enough of this fence," said Colonel S. M. Lucas, manager of Cuyamaca, "to go half around your State of Connecticut." The New Englander whistled.

And only one cowboy was needed to care for the whole large flock. This cowboy had a very easy, even monotonous, occupation. His whole duty consisted in riding about on horseback along the line of fences to see that they were in good repair; and there was a windmill on the ranch, pumping water from a depth of only five feet. The cowboy visited this occasionally, to see that its wheel was turning. During the summer this solitary cattle-tender slept out of doors. At night he rolled himself up in his blanket and enjoyed his repose in a grove of protecting oaks, and no dew or dampness came to chill him. In the morning he cooked his own breakfast over a camp-fire. Then he saddled his pony and went out to look after his fences and his windmill. Thus he lived during eight months of the year, excepting the period when the stock was "rounded up" to be branded or the fat steers sent to market to be killed for beef.

During four months there is snowfall on the Cuyamaca ranch, and then the cattle are driven to another range, nearer the coast and on lower ground, where the snow of the mountains is rain and where the grasses are green and sweet as they are during the spring and summer on the hills of Cuyamaca. But this snow on Cuyamaca is one of its assets in a way that perhaps will not occur to you at first. Permit me to make an explanation.

Included within the boundary of this ranch, and on a part of it, is one of the richest gold mines in California. (And there is an interesting story about this mine, too, which I will relate further on.) Surrounding it is a settlement of miners' cabins and "bunk" houses, a school-house, a post-office, a big shaft-house and mill, stables, a manager's residence, and a hotel. Six months in advance all the rooms in this hotel were reserved for next Christmas day. Perhaps you wonder why this has occurred. The explanation lies in the fact that in California there are two classes of people—those who were born in the State, the unmountainous parts of it, and have never seen a "white" Christmas, and those who were born in States where Christmas always means snow and sleigh-bells and big, crackling log fires. The twenty-five who reserved rooms at the Cuyamaca hotel included both classes—those who wished to spend Christmas among the snow-covered hills and beneath the gorgeous snow-laden pines and oaks just for the novelty of it, and those who desired to renew old associations and sacred memories of other days. And this situation illustrates a common and a just boast of the Californian—the diversity of the climate of the State. On Cuyamaca, at Christmas, the snow is sometimes two feet deep. Forty miles away men are wearing straw hats, and the roses and lemon-trees are in blossom.

"I sometimes have a little touch of the asthma, which I brought with me from Texas," said a citizen of San Diego, in the lemon belt. "When the asthma comes over me I simply hitch up and drive into the hills thirty or forty miles, and get rid of it. I have a friend who lives up there in the hills, and he sometimes has the asthma; it followed him from Illinois. When



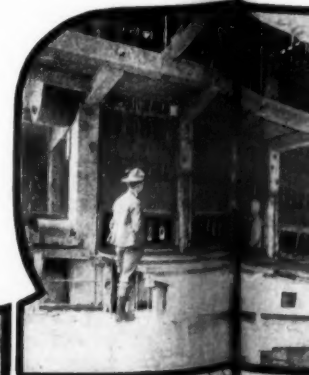
FELLING A GIANT PINE-TREE ON THE CUYAMACA RANCH.



MEASURING THE FALLEN MONARCH.



COWBOYS ON THE RANCH ROUNDING UP A BUNCH OF CATTLE FOR MARKET.



POWERFUL ENGINE WHICH DRIVES THE MILL'S MACHINERY.

THE STAMPS OF THE WALL. MI

Photographs by Newby & Co., Cuyamaca

Surprises in Southern California

By O. Shedd



GRASSES GROW AND HUNDREDS OF CATTLE GRAZE.

Colonel S. H. Lucas strikes him he simply comes down here and his half around the mountain passes away."

A great many years ago a party of Texans were on their way to Los Angeles across country, walking or riding on their ponies during the day and lighting their camp-fire wherever they happened to be when night came. One evening they stopped on the hillside, where grass and oak-trees grew, and about twenty-five feet away from the spot where the twenty-stamp gold mine on the Cuyamaca ranch is now located. Out of the deep, black sod, from which the trees and grasses sucked their bountiful nourishment, a few rocks protruded. One of the Texans looked at the rock with interest it seemed so out of place amid so much fertility and verdure, and he saw at once that it was filled with gold. He hailed his companions with a shout; and they broke off several pieces of the rock and took it with them to Los Angeles. Even the few little samples which they carried were worth several dollars.

But the ranch was not free land. It was an old Spanish grant, made before California became a part of the United States, so the Texans could not take up mining claim. But the owners of the ranch gave the discoverers a half interest in the mine. This half interest they afterward sold for a small sum—a few hundred dollars, I was told.

From a narrow space at the surface, only a scooped hole a couple of rods long, just at the point where the Texans made their discovery, \$30,000 in gold was taken out. After that a shaft was sunk, and richer ore was found beneath. From a small section of the mine, and extending only 600 feet in depth, \$2,000,000 gold was produced. The mine was named "Stonewall," in honor of the famous Confederate general. It is one of the richest, for the amount of ore taken out in the whole State of California. And that such a mine should have been discovered under the thick, black soil of this park land is interesting even to the experienced mining man. To the gentleman from Connecticut it was astonishing.

The late ex-Governor Waterman, one of California's distinguished chief executives, was the owner of the mine, and received the benefit of its product. But at his death, the estate being somewhat involved, it passed into the control of a San Francisco bank, from which it was bought by the Cuyamaca Ranch and Mining Company, which owns also the ranch in the State of which the mine is located. Of the \$2,000,000 produced by the mine more than \$900,000 was mined between the years 1888 and 1891. The ore was reduced to gold by a ten-stamp mill; and when the mining of this had been explained to the Connecticut man he was more interested and surprised than before. He was informed that a stamp in a mill, crushing just as an old-fashioned potato-masher mashes potatoes, would crush about five or six tons of ore a day. The daily work of the ten stamps would be fifty tons, which is small when compared with some mills which mill 3,000 tons a day. Yet this daily fifty or sixty tons yielded \$300,000 a year to the owners of the Stonewall Mine. And this shows the great richness of the ore. The Stonewall is on the most productive gold formation in the whole world, the "Mother Lode" of California. This great parent gold vein extends through the whole length of the State, and

on it are located the State's richest mines. The Mother Lode mines have been found to be more profitable at from 1,000 to 3,000 feet below the surface than near the top; and this fact is evidence to the present owners of the Stonewall that only a small part of its product has been taken out.

The Stonewall vein is continuous, and extends all the way across the Cuyamaca ranch, a distance of twelve miles; and parallel to it, one on each side, are two other veins, upon which no work has been done at all. Occasionally from out of the soil the ledges of these veins are seen, and these ledges are gold-bearing, but have not been developed; for prospectors, eager to find other mines like the Stonewall, were kept away from Cuyamaca ranch by shot-guns. So here is a park, a home for live stock of all kinds, ground that would produce abundant orchards—apples like those in Eastern States, peaches, pears, and the others—hay and grain—and underneath it all great ledges of rock containing apparently unlimited quantities of gold. The water supply at Cuyamaca is abundant and inexhaustible. A moderate outlay for the development of water, and providing reservoirs where there are natural sites, will easily furnish all the water that may be needed to run an electric plant to supply power and light for every purpose connected with the mine and mill, and all the company's operations, as well as for irrigating, so far as may be desirable, the agricultural lands of the company. A large portion of the water supply of San Diego is obtained from the Cuyamaca reservoir, which is on the property.

The large number of varieties of timber in California is seen in an interesting way in this section of the State, where the ground slopes gradually from a few feet to a mile above the level of the sea. In the lower valleys, oranges, lemons, grapes, olives, and other semi-tropical fruits are raised; and the first timber belt is occupied by the oaks. These oaks grow to an enormous size, and are the playgrounds of the birds and the squirrels. To a certain altitude, perhaps two thousand feet, they grow luxuriantly, but the border of the oak belt is as clearly defined on the hillside as on the edge of a pond.

Suddenly the nature of the timber changes and one finds himself among pines, cedars, and spruce. A little higher up still are the sugar pines; noble trees they are, with straight, huge trunks. Some of these are twenty feet in circumference, so large that a man looks like a mere pigmy beside one of them. And these great pines, of which there seems to be an unlimited number, are worth \$300 apiece for lumber—an article of commerce that is rapidly advancing in value in the United States, and particularly in California, where it is needed for the building of the growing towns and cities; and every year in California millions of feet of lumber are used in making fruit boxes alone.

These sugar pines can be distinguished afar off by their peculiar "umbrella" tops. The branches at the apex of the central trunk grow downward at a slight angle like the ribs of a parasol. And they grow closely together and are covered with heavy foliage. The cedars are large, too, standing sometimes in rows as though they had grown in accordance to a fixed design. Ash-trees are seldom seen in California, but, oddly enough, on the Cuyamaca ranch there is just one group of them. The timber here is the only big timber in southern California.

At the northern boundary of the Cuyamaca grant the scene changes abruptly. Within a few rods the transition is made from a grass and brush-covered hillside to barren desert. On one side of the line there is rain and snowfall; on the other side, drought. And from the summit of the hill where this sudden change is seen one may look for miles into the desert.

So amidst all this diversity and novelty the man from Connecticut forgot his troubles and added to the circumference of his body. And he was interested in the plans for the future which Colonel Lucas discussed—a trolley road twenty-five miles long to the nearest railroad, which is a short line connecting with the Santa Fé at San Diego; the planting of orchards and gardens, and the plowing of fields of alfalfa and grain; the allotment of small areas, and the building of cottages for a few "choice spirits" who would love to spend a few months each year amidst the trees and blossoms of Cuyamaca ranch; the marketing of the timber, the increase in the stock, the building of dairies and creameries, and the development of the great mine. "All these changes are to be made as rapidly as we can bring them about," said Colonel Lucas; "then you will find that Cuyamaca will become one of the most famous spots in the whole country."



A BEAUTIFUL GLADE OF CEDARS IN THE TIMBERED HILLSIDES OF CUYAMACA.



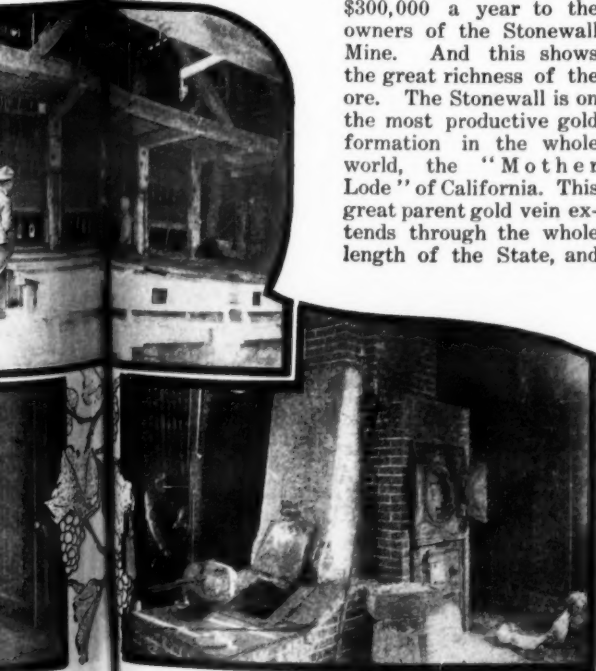
MONSTER SUGAR-PINE TREE, TWENTY FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE.



"OLD BUTCH," VETERAN COW PONY.



SHAFT-HOUSE AND MILL OF THE STONEWALL MINE, WHERE TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD HAS BEEN PRODUCED.



STAMPS OF THE STONEWALL MILL.

POURING GOLD INTO A BRICK MOULD. \$15,000 IN A BRICK.



AMEEN F. RIHANI, TRANSLATOR
OF THE ARAB POET,
ABU'L-ALA.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

By La Salle A. Maynard

FEARLESS-
NESS in
thought and ac-
tion, strength
and tenacity of
purpose, exalted
ideals of life and
conduct, and the
courage to do
right for right's
sake—these
characteristics of
the New Eng-
land fathers no-
where find ex-

pression in our day more fully than in the writings and other service of Mr. Edwin D. Mead, author of two recent books now before us, "The Influence of Emerson" and "The Principles of the Founders," both published by the American Unitarian Association of Boston. In the first named volume we have what is doubtless the most sympathetic, as it is surely the most satisfactory, study of Emerson in his character of a philosopher and religious leader that this Emerson year has produced. Mr. Mead places large—but not undue—emphasis upon that prophetic insight which was the dominant trait of the Concord philosopher, and which led him to forecast with such unerring wisdom and perspicacity many of the tendencies, and also some of the achievements, in our latter-day science and in the social and political circles of our day. Emerson foresaw, as clearly as did Sumner, Channing, and Theodore Parker, the evil results of certain policies toward which the country has been drifting in the past fifty years, and he was hardly less sparing than any of them in his denunciation of these evidences of weakness in our national character. Mr. Mead brings out these characteristics of Emerson's teachings with striking force and clearness in connection with many of the vital problems now vexing society. In the second volume, "The Principles of the Founders," Mr. Mead has followed very much the same method as in the first, dealing here with the doctrines concerning government and the relations of men and nations to each other put forward by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Samuel Adams. Mr. Mead, as many know, is an ardent opponent of imperialism and an equally ardent advocate of peace and international arbitration, having devoted all his energies in recent years chiefly to the promotion of the war against war. In this little book, the substance of which was originally a Fourth of July oration delivered in Boston, he shows how widely we have departed from "the principles of the founders" in certain lines of national policy, and how, as he believes, we have laid up a whirlwind of wrath for ourselves by so doing.

THE FIRST plea in literature for kindness to animals seems to be in the re-discovered "Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala," the great Arab poet of the tenth century, translated by Ameen F. Rihani, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. One quatrain runs:

"Hunt not the beast, O be thou more humane,
Since hunter here nor hunted long remain;
The smallest grub a life has in it which
Thou canst not take without inflicting pain."

The resemblance to the work of Omar Khayyám, born about the time of the Arab poet's death, in its tone of skepticism and pessimism, is so strong that it would seem that the Tent-maker was considerably influenced by Abu'l-Ala. For instance, the earlier poet says:

"Tread lightly, for a thousand hearts unseen
Might now be beating in this misty green;
Here are the herbs that once were pretty cheeks,
Here the remains of those that once have been."

The Tent-maker uses the same materialistic idea with almost identical imagery:

"And this reviving Herb, whose Tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip, on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen."

OF THE many books given to the world relating to Napoleon's life at St. Helena there is admittedly none written with such genuine sympathy, and at the same time with so little prejudice and such evident veracity, as the private journal of General Baron Gourgard, which appeared in Paris in 1898, and is now given in an English translation by the hand of Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). The French publication was in two volumes, but Mrs. Latimer has very wisely omitted many passages in the original version and brought the work into the compass of one volume. Gourgard stood very near Napoleon all through his later life, and was one of the few men for whom the Emperor seemed to entertain a genuine affection. Gourgard was entrusted by him with numerous secret and confidential missions. He accompanied Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo in his flight to Paris, and was sent by him to Rochefort to see what prospects of escape to the United States might be found there. At St. Helena he seems to have quarreled constantly with almost every one except his master, and shared to the fullest extent the dislike which the latter entertained for Sir Hudson

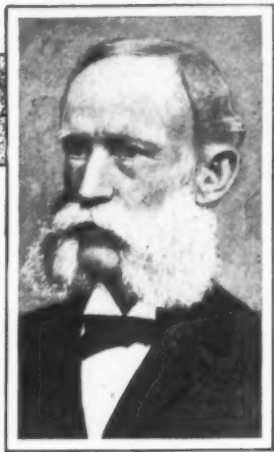
Lowe. He was insanely jealous of Montholon, and tried hard to provoke a duel with him. He was always intriguing and conspiring in the interests of the captive at Longwood, but never succeeded in accomplishing anything by his numerous plots. He was at his home in France when the Emperor died, and at once headed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, imploring it to take some steps to reclaim the body of Napoleon and bury it in the soil of France, so that no foreigner might say, pointing insolently to the spot, "Voci l'Empereur des Français." In his secret will Napoleon bequeathed 150,000 francs to Gourgard in recognition of "his devotion and of the services he rendered me for ten years as my field orderly officer and aide-de-camp on fields of battle in Germany, Russia, Spain, and France, and on the rock of St. Helena." Many of the anecdotes and incidents related in this journal are new and truly illuminative of the character of the illustrious captive. The volume is, in brief, a highly important and valuable addition to Napoleonic literature.

"THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE" is the title of a work of fiction by Paul Gwynne, published by the Macmillan Company. It is a novel dealing with Spanish life, its scenes being laid in an Andalusian town, with which the author is as familiar as Miss Wilkins is with a New England village, or Addison was with the country he has so faithfully described. In this volume the author brings to our attention all that is typical, racial, and characteristic. It is a true study of the native individual. The description of the conclaves at the barber-shop, where the barber, priest, alcalde, and schoolmaster meet to discuss public affairs, exchange racy Spanish proverbs, and squabble in the most amusing and social way, is a unique characterization of the Spanish type. There is a plentiful sprinkling of wit throughout, and the scenes are animated and picturesque. One is convinced after reading this book that the author, besides being a student of human nature, is thoroughly acquainted with the customs of the people he so cleverly describes, and that he has made a special study of their characteristics, which are quite unique to the outside world. The main thread of the story is tragical.

WE HAVE it on the authority of "The Lounger," in *The Critic*—and there is no better authority in matters literary—that this country is likely to be favored next year with a visit from Rev. Charles Wagner, the French evangelical preacher, whose book, "The Simple Life," has had a remarkable run of popularity in America for a book of its kind, being helped along, doubtless, by the hearty commendation given to it by President Roosevelt in public speeches. The only portrait that we have seen of Mr. Wagner, that used in the advertisements of his books, does not make him out to be a very attractive person and would not help sales, one might think. In fact, if it were not for the attached title one would naturally take the physiognomy thus presented to be that of a Bowery tough, or some bold and bad buccaneer of the Spanish Main, who would make a "taking card" for a dime novel. It need hardly be said that no impression could be further from the truth, for the Huguenot preacher is said to have a most winning personality, with a reputation for gentleness, modesty, and genuine piety that finds a true reflex in his writings.

NO EDUCATIONAL leader and writer of the time has impressed himself more deeply on his generation, or wrought for loftier and nobler ends than President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University. Many have been insisting lately, in the pulpit, in the press, and on the platform, that the greatest and most vital defect in our popular system of education is its neglect of the spiritual nature, the lack of training and development on the religious side. It is precisely this defect which President Thwing has devoted his life to remedying. This furnishes the theme of his baccalaureate addresses, which have recently been published in a little volume under the title "A Liberal Education and a Liberal Faith" (Baker & Taylor Company, New York). As Dr. Thwing himself says, here in his prefatory note, these addresses are "endeavors to interpret the relations between education and religion, with the purpose of making education more nobly religious, religion more wise, and both more liberal." Truly, there is need enough that such work should be done, and we know of no one who is doing it so well as President Thwing.

"THE Moral System of Shakespeare," by Richard G. Moulton (The Macmillan Company), is a popular illustration of fiction as the experimental side of philosophy. The author, whose name is already known to many thousands of readers as the editor of the "Modern Reader's Bible," holds that the plays of Shakespeare, besides the interest of amusement, have also an interest analogous to that of experiments in physical science, and that the theatre and the novel are the laboratory of the moralist, in which are given practical demonstrations in human philosophy.



HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, AUTHOR
OF "AMERICAN DIPLOMACY
IN THE EAST."

A LIFE-TIME
of study, ex-
perience, and ob-
servation in the
field of diplo-
macy at home
and abroad, with
opportunities
such as no other
man of his day
has enjoyed to
get at the truth
of things in this
direction, has
given John W.

Foster the equipment to write his "American Diplomacy in the East" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and therefore to make of the work what it truly is, a standard authority on this subject. And the record here set forth with so much scholarly grace, skill, and competency of knowledge concerning our dealings with nations of the Orient is one of which the American people may be justly proud; for the record is one of almost unvarying and conspicuous success, won for us not through Machiavelian tactics, through base intrigue, and selfish under-play, but through firm and courteous, just and open dealing. From the first treaty made with Siam, in 1833, down to the present time, our diplomatic course of action in the Orient has been characterized by such evident love of right and justice as to fairly entitle us to the position we now hold in that quarter of the world as the one Power above all others that can be trusted to keep its promises and to do what is right. Such is the prestige we have gained in our diplomatic relations with Japan, Korea, Siam, and China, and such the place we hold in their esteem to-day. As a former minister to China, as well as a diplomatic representative to several other foreign courts, Mr. Foster is able to draw upon a wide and varied range of personal studies and experiences in support of his comments and deductions; and while his work is decidedly optimistic as to the future of our relations in the Orient, as it could hardly help being, it is eminently judicial and wisely conservative. This applies to his discussion of our annexation of the Philippines, where he takes the position of a supporter of the government policy, but in a tone and manner to which even the most ardent anti-imperialist can find no cause for offense. The developments of the past few years and the prospects of the immediate future in the region of the Pacific give this volume rare value and make it absolutely indispensable for every one who would have a thorough understanding of the situation in that quarter of the world.

A Financial "Who's Who."

WHO ARE the men and women in the United States of whose wealth we have been hearing so much in recent years, where do they live, and what are their names? These are questions in which many people have an entirely proper and legitimate interest. Certain newspapers have answered these queries in a limited way by printing lists of millionaires and multi-millionaires, but the first comprehensive, dignified, and really trustworthy and valuable work covering this field of inquiry that has ever been issued anywhere is the "Financial Red Book of America," published by the Financial Directory Association, 25 West Broadway, New York, at ten dollars per copy. The volume is a compilation of the names of those individuals and large estates throughout the United States that are believed to be worth \$300,000 and more. Although in the main filled with hard and dry facts, the pages of the volume reveal something more than the merely material statement of America's wonderful prosperity. About fifteen thousand names have been collected as coming within the requirements of the work, and these are presented in attractive style and in a manner that makes them convenient for ready reference and frequent use. The names are arranged alphabetically, divided by States, and sub-divided by cities and towns, and in a statistical sense they present a suggestive picture of the widespread opulence of the American people.

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Rich Tin Discovery in California

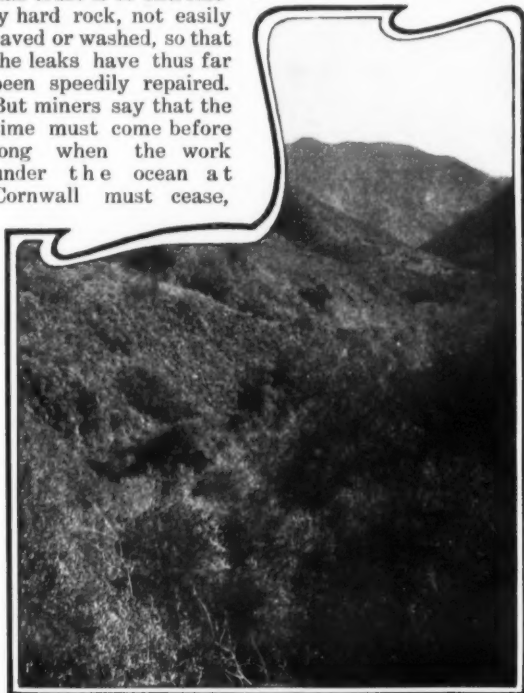
By John Mathews



THE DISCOVERY of tin mines any where on the North American continent is of more importance than the finding of even a rich new gold field. There are three reasons for this. In the first place, tin is one of the rarest of the common metals; second, no tin is produced now in North America, the United States being entirely dependent on foreign countries for it; and the third reason is that the uses of and the demand for tin are rapidly increasing the world over.

In 1875 the world's product of this metal amounted to 40,000 tons. Now nearly twice as much is used. In the face of this growing demand some of the richest tin mines in the world are becoming depleted; and although it has been positively known for 2,350 years, and is probably the metal with which more people are familiar than any other, there is undoubtedly no substance which is encountered so frequently in every-day life about which so little is really known, as this same tin. And this fact makes the recent discovery of the metal in large quantities in southern California, and its development there, of unusual interest and importance.

In my own mind I have always associated tin with the famous mines of Cornwall, England. These mines are interesting to me because they are centuries old, and because the underground work has been carried so far that the tunnels extend for miles, it is said, out under the sea. And the "Cousin Jacks" (the American miners' name for the Cornishmen), as they work day and night in the submarine darkness, constantly hear the roar and tumble of the ocean waves overhead. Three times the sea has broken through, and has threatened the lives of the men and to destroy the mines. The miners, following a particularly rich streak of ore extending above their tunnels, have in their eagerness gone too far, and have broken through the crust that keeps out the sea. But, fortunately, this crust is of extremely hard rock, not easily caved or washed, so that the leaks have thus far been speedily repaired. But miners say that the time must come before long when the work under the ocean at Cornwall must cease,



SHRUB-COVERED MOUNTAINS IN ORANGE COUNTY, CAL., WHERE TIN WAS DISCOVERED.



BODIES OF TIN ORE UNDERGROUND IN THE SANTA ANA MINE.

because the danger is constantly becoming greater.

These new tin mines of California, which were discovered only two years ago, and about which little has been said, are not many miles from the Pacific Ocean, but it will be scores of years, if ever, before the land deposits are exhausted. For tin has never been known to exist in small quantities. Wherever it has been found the deposits have been always very extensive, and its origin and formation are peculiar. There is a mystery about the source of all metals, but most of them, I believe, are thought to be the product of the heat of great disturbances in the earth's crust. And scientists say that tin, also, is the result of heat, and that it was distributed through the rock in which it occurs by the filtration of tin fumes. In other words, the fumes containing the elements of tin were forced from beneath during great disturbances, and these fumes found their way into the rock, particularly that which was most porous, and united chemically with the elements of the rock or other substance to produce what are called tin crystals. And the tin crystals contain the metal, tin.

The tin area of southern California covers a belt of about nine hundred square miles. The recent discoveries here were made among the low mountains in Orange County, in what is known as Trabuco Canyon, twelve miles from the town of El Toro, which has only one other claim to fame, and that is as the post-office of Madam Modjeska. These mountains are from 1,000 to 4,200 feet high, and are mostly covered with grass, shrubs, live-oaks, a dense underbrush, and patches of the great, awkward cactus plants which mark the close vicinity of the desert. Frequently on the sides of the mountains and in the canyons are jutting ledges of rock which from their hard surface and reddish color give evidence of mineral. Yet the whole substance of these mountains is mineral-bearing rock, the surface earth which supports the vegetation being at the most only a few feet deep. And over an area which belongs to the Santa Ana Tin Mining Company, six miles long and two miles wide, 7,040 acres, there is no rock which does not contain some tin; for the tin fumes in the formative period seemed to have permeated everywhere.

For many years prospectors had been over this ground looking for gold. They dug "prospect holes" in the surface and drove "prospect" tunnels into the mountain-sides. The samples of rock which they sent to assayers contained the "precious metal," but it was not "free"; it required a chemical process for extraction from the ore, and the prospectors abandoned it. None of them appreciated the presence of the immense deposits of tin which the hills contained. The true value of the deposits was not known until Mr. J. A. Comer, who is prominent in the mining world for his discovery of the great borax beds of Ventura, Cal., became interested in the Trabuco Canyon, and was the first to discover the tin values. He formed a company which developed the property, digging several tunnels, sinking shafts, and building the stamp mill which is now working on the ores.

The presence of tin would never be detected by the "tenderfoot." The metal is concealed in the form of a blackish substance, and is found in clay slate, the same rock in which it occurs in Cornwall, England. This rock to the eye is unattractive, of a dirty, brownish color; but it has at the surface one peculiarity. It is covered in many places by a capping, as it were, of iron ore. This capping the Cornishmen call the "iron hat"; and they have a couplet which says, "Look for that little iron hat; you're sure to find your tin in that"—or words to that effect.

An unusual feature of the tin ore as it is found in southern California is the presence everywhere of tellurium, which is a form of gold. In certain veins assays have been made which show that there is \$434 in gold in every ton of ore, which contains also more than \$5 in tin. The tunnel in the mountain-side nearest the mill extends through a body of ore which averages, according to assay, more than \$10 to the ton in gold with varying tin values.

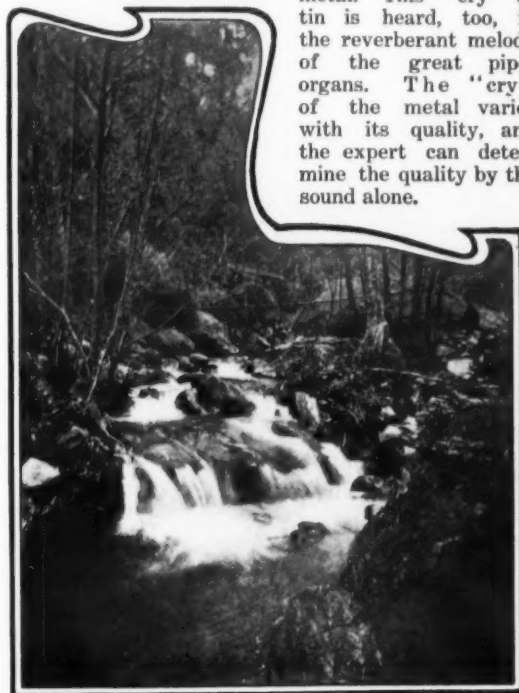
The richest tin bodies are not found in ledges, as gold usually occurs, but are in great buried columns, almost vertical, the values increasing with depth from the very nature of the tin's formation; for the density of the tin fumes in the formative period necessarily grew less as the fumes neared the surface, being farther from the source. A shaft which is 150 feet deep at the Santa Ana tin mines shows this. At the surface of the ground there was found only about an ounce of tin to the ton of rock, but the relative quantity of the metal increased as the shaft was lowered until each ton of ore at the bottom of the shaft now contains twelve pounds of tin.

The process of extraction, which was a difficult one, has been worked out by Colonel A. B. Hawley, a distinguished chemist of Los Angeles. The plan is to run the ore through the stamp mill first, take out the gold by what is known as the cyanide process—the application to the ore of a solution of cyanide of potassium—and then collect the tin crystals on what are called concentrating tables. The tin crystals are then smelted in order to obtain the metallic tin.

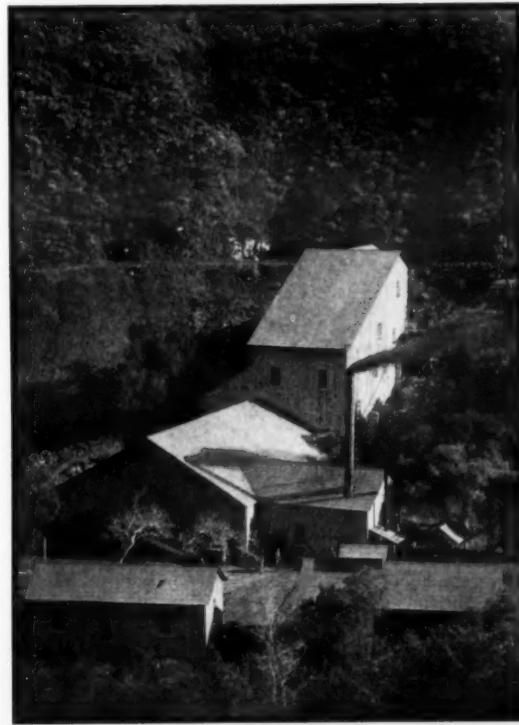
The development of these large deposits in Califor-

nia may have a considerable effect on the tin market of the world. The industry is controlled now, I am told, by the "tin trust," which bought and closed down the Temescal tin mines in Riverside County, Cal., which were opened several years ago, the "trust" seeking to suppress the production of the metal in the United States. These Temescal mines were six miles from the Santa Ana mines. It is said that the "tin trust," controlling all the tin mines of the Old World, obtains every year from the sale of the metal in America a net profit of ten million dollars. This the "trust" is able to do because America produces no tin itself. The only producing tin mines in the New World are in Bolivia. Deposits of the metal have been found also in Durango, Mexico, being in the same general area, evidently, as the Orange County mines. The Bolivia mines produce, according to the figures given in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 5,000 tons a year; while by far the largest product comes from Malacca and the surrounding islands, known as the Straits Settlements. The same authority gives the present annual yield of these mines as 46,000 tons; and these are the mines which are beginning to show signs of exhaustion. The Dutch East Indies yield 14,000 tons of tin annually; Australia produces 5,000 tons, and that is the amount also mined in Cornwall, England. The geological formation of the Cornwall, the Bolivia, and the Santa Ana (Cal.) mines is identical, but the deposits in the latter seem to be richer than in either of the other two.

There is a most peculiar quality of this metal, tin, that is not known in any other of the common metals, and this is what the metallurgists call its "cry." When a piece of the metal is bent, but not broken, the derangement of the molecules causes a characteristic sound. It is a sound that has even a plaintive note; and it is this resonant quality of tin that gives the tone to bells, for tin is an essential element of bell-metal. This "cry" of tin is heard, too, in the reverberant melody of the great pipe-organs. The "cry" of the metal varies with its quality, and the expert can determine the quality by the sound alone.



THE MOUNTAIN CREEK IN TRABUCO CANYON, WHERE THE FIRST DISCOVERY WAS MADE.



MILL FOR EXTRACTING TIN AND GOLD AT THE SANTA ANA MINE

Fortunes in Mexican Rubber Culture

The Native Indian Laborer and His Queer Ways—How Rubber Orchards Are Raised

NOT LONG ago the superintendent of a rubber plantation in Mexico bought, in the capital city of that country, a large quantity of very rude but gaudy personal ornaments. Among them were chains of beads as large as birds' eggs; broad brass rings, with settings made of vari-colored glass; bracelets, with glittering, scintillating bangles; ear-rings, pins, and lockets—all of a coarse and tawdry splendor. To the salesman he remarked,

"I am going to use these as civilizing agents."

And the way in which the superintendent did this is unique. The native Indian of southern Mexico, who is descended from the aborigines of the land and has none of the Spanish blood in his veins, is perhaps the laziest individual on earth. His ordinary life requires little effort. He has a "shirt on his back," and when he is hungry he may go, if he wishes, to a banana grove, only a few steps away, and by merely lifting his hand he may obtain all he wants to eat. He lives in an atmosphere like that under the glass in a greenhouse. The steamy, soft heat is not conducive to effort. The native is languid, listless, and idle.

But American commercial activity needs the co-operation of these natives. They are wanted to do the labor of the plantations which the American planters have established and are cultivating in the natives' haunts. So the superintendent was buying this jewelry as an incentive to the natives to work, but not directly as a gift for services. The superintendent went deeper than that. It seems that he is a student of human nature.

The savage loves bright ornaments. And the ring in his lips is the first sign of civilization. But in a land overgrown with tropical vegetation, metals and other things that could be made into decorations are not at hand. The superintendent of the rubber plantation began at once to cultivate among the Mexican squaws the innate desire for ornament. He knew that they would depend upon their men to get these ornaments for them. And he easily arranged matters so that the men, in order to obtain the coveted trinkets, must work on the plantations.

His plan succeeded. He got more work out of his Indians than he ever did before. One Indian wench would be given a ring with a purple glass setting by a young man who had labored hard on the plantation to get enough money to buy it. Then all the other wenches, seeing the pretty bauble, would immediately covet it; and the other young men would have to toil industriously to maintain their standing in the affections of those whom they loved and sought. So this superintendent at once established an active colony—active, that is, in comparison with others.

But even with the unusual and ingenious methods practiced by the resourceful American the native Indians of Mexico cannot be induced to work steadily. When they have made a few dollars, perhaps ten or fifteen, they stop work and retire to spend in riotous living what they have earned. Then their places are taken by others who have indulged their period of idleness and seek employment again to earn the price of pleasure. Thus the forces of workmen are constantly changing and shifting. And these natives must be paid in advance. It is a time-honored custom; and the amount advanced is sometimes so great that the employer owns the laborer's services for many weeks to come. The Indians who are thus under obligations to their employers are called "mozos," and are in demand, because they are obliged to work. When a "mozo" wishes to change his place of occupation he must find some one who will buy his account from his employer. These debts for labor amount sometimes to \$200; in some cases they are not more than \$25. But the native, always wanting more money, is apt to increase them.

These Indians are small men, no higher than the shoulder of the ordinary American, and they are not stal-

wart or muscular. Yet some of them carry burdens so heavy that they cannot themselves lift them from the ground. But when this burden is placed by others on the native's back, he will walk under it for hours without resting. Mexican Indians have been known to paddle heavy, clumsy canoes all day long in the heat on the sluggish tropical rivers—work that would prostrate a strong and muscular American in an hour.

Corn is the principal diet. Beans are sometimes on the bill-of-fare, but meat is not especially desired. The Mexican Indian is practically a vegetarian. I learned recently how these dark-skinned little Mexicans are employed in the rubber industry of Mexico, and how this rubber culture is carried on—all of which is to me extremely interesting, and important, too, because it is one of the new fields of American activity in Mexico, our "frontier."

The work can best be described by giving attention to the operations of one particular plantation, and my information concerns that owned by a co-operative organization known as the Conservative Rubber Production Company, with headquarters in San Francisco. The plantation consists of 6,700 acres in the State of Chiapas, southeast of Vera Cruz, directly south of the port of Frontera on the Tulija River, and not far from the Guatemala line.

In the beginning it was a tract of tropical jungle. There were trees and vines and a dense undergrowth of shrubs, and these with the fallen and decaying trees made this district well-nigh impassable. Progress from one place to another in the far interior was made on the rivers in canoes, these being rude dugouts made from logs by the native Indians. The first step in the preparation of the ground—the soil being intensely rich—for the planting of rubber orchards was to clear away the native brush and timber. Much of this was burned, the ashes and the charred timbers remaining on the soil. Then the rubber-trees were planted.

Rubber seeds occur in thick clusters of a pulpy material on the trees. During the month of May they ripen, and then these clusters open and the seeds fall to the ground. Before this occurs native laborers are sent out from the plantation into the forest to find the wild rubber-trees and clean the ground under them, so that when the seed falls it may be easily collected. In June and July, when the rains are warm and the sunshine is hot, the seeds are planted. This is very easily done. With a stick or with the finger two little trenches perhaps half an inch deep are made in the soft soil, and the seed is placed at their juncture, being covered with only a shallow bit of earth.

The shoot soon springs up and grows very rapidly. In three months the sturdy plant has assumed the proportions of a tree and is nearly as high as a man's waist. In six months it is nearly to his shoulder, constantly growing stouter and broadening. In nine months it is a foot higher than a native; and its growth continues with tropical rapidity. In their natural state the young rubber-trees begin their growth in the dense shadows of the forest, so it is necessary to provide shade for the young cultivated plants during the first months of their lives. This is done on the plantation of the Conservative Company by planting corn along with them. And when shade is no longer needed, sweet-potato vines are grown in the rubber orchards to keep the ground covered so that it will not dry out under the tropical sun's heat.

Six hundred trees to the acre are planted first. This is just three times too dense for the permanent orchard. By the fifth year trees so planted will begin to interfere with one another's growth. Then the tapping of the extra trees will begin, and the rubber liquid from their bark will be taken out entirely so that the trees will die. This is the beginning of the process of thinning out. During the sixth year it will continue, so that when the orchard is seven years

old there will be 200 trees on every acre, and they will stand about fourteen feet apart on all sides. These trees will remain.

At seven years they are old enough to begin yielding their regular output of rubber. The product of five-year-old trees, "tapped to death," is four ounces; of six-year-old trees, given the same severe treatment, eight ounces; and trees seven years old and older will yield one pound or more of rubber a year. With rubber at sixty cents a pound the product of each acre before the end of the seventh year would be \$210; thirty dollars from the 200 five-year-old trees, yielding four ounces each; sixty dollars from the six-year-old trees, yielding eight ounces each; and \$120 from the seven-year-old trees, yielding a pound apiece. And after the seventh year it is estimated that the 200 trees of each acre will produce from \$150 to \$200 an acre.

On this plantation in Chiapas province 6,000 of the 6,700 acres are set aside for rubber orchards. The other 700 acres are occupied by the plantation buildings and laborers' dwellings—there are 200 laborers at certain periods of the year—and a part of the 700 acres will be corn-fields and gardens to provide food for the workers and for pasture for cattle, sheep, and horses.

The plantation is being conducted on a novel and interesting co-operative plan. A share of stock is issued for each acre of land that is devoted to rubber production, so that there are 6,000 shares. The first subscribers to stock are to receive the product of the first acres planted. The arrangement is such that each shareholder in the co-operative concern owns practically as many acres as he has shares. Thus, if one man owns five shares, he will receive the profits of five acres. It is a new plan, and it is believed it will work well, particularly as the shareholders have provided safeguards for honest and proper conduct of the business. The men who have been chosen officers of the company are of high standing; and each year a representative, elected by the shareholders, is to visit the plantation in Mexico and report the progress and conditions to his associates. This co-operative plan is adopted because rubber culture in order to be profitable must be conducted on a large scale. The equipment and operation of a plantation require the expenditure of more money than could be spared by individuals who, by uniting with others, distribute the expense, and by large operations increase the profits. The conduct of a plantation of 6,000 acres requires the making of roads and the construction of buildings and even telephone lines. One of these has already reached the rubber orchard in Chiapas, which I have described, and a line twenty miles long is building to connect with the Federal telegraph office, so that quick communication with the outside world may be had.

That the soil and climate of Mexico are particularly well adapted for the large production of rubber is shown by the exportations from that country as given in recent official reports. During the first six months of this year 173,000 pounds of this product was shipped from the Mexican ports. One vessel alone, the *Havana*, carried 30,800 pounds in a single cargo. During the shipping season of 1898 and 1899, 421,493 pounds of rubber was exported from Mexico, and the exportation has since that time been increasing. This rubber is obtained largely by the natives from the wild trees. But their methods are wasteful. In nearly every instance in Mexico, as well as in all other rubber-producing countries of the world, they kill by excessive tapping the trees which they find; so that the wild product is becoming more difficult to obtain everywhere, and the cultivated orchards will soon have to be depended on entirely to make up this supply.

More than a hundred million pounds of rubber is used by the world every year, and the demand is growing with the more general use of manufactured articles. Electricity alone has increased immensely the use of rubber in the last few years.

PLANTATION HOUSES AND YOUNG RUBBER-TREES ON THE CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION COMPANY'S PLANTATION IN CHIAPAS, MEXICO.



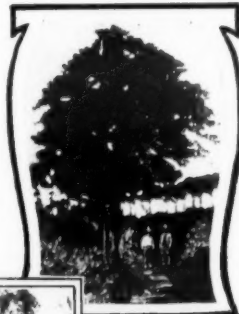
MEXICAN RUBBER-TREE THREE MONTHS OLD.



SAME TREE SIX MONTHS OLD.



MEXICAN INDIAN LABORERS GOING TO WORK ON A RUBBER PLANTATION.



A TEN-YEAR-OLD MEXICAN RUBBER-TREE.



RUBBER-TREE AT NINE MONTHS.



How Nat Goodwin Takes Liberties With Shakespeare . By Eleanor Franklin



WELL, there's just no doubt about it. The New Amsterdam Theatre, opened recently by Mr. Nat C. Goodwin in a sumptuous production of Mr. William Shakespeare's "A Midsummer-night's Dream," is the most airy, fairy, beautiful thing in the way of a play-house that the New York public has ever seen. We have to doff our hats and make a low salaam—first, I suppose, to Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, who gave up so many, many thousand beautiful golden ducats that this "Midsummer-night's Dream" of a theatre might grow to perfection under its builders' hands; then to those builders themselves, who surely gave the best of brilliant talent to the creation and development of its manifold beauties. First there are Herts & Tallant, architects; then George Gray Barnard, Grendellis & Ricci, St. John Issing, F. Hinton Perry, Peixotto, Simmons, Robert Blum, A. B. Wenzell, and a woman, Blanche Osterlog, sculptors, modelers, and painters. I was about to write sculptors, modelers, and artists, but there is no time like the present to correct a misuse of English, and if the sculptors and modelers, wood-carvers and stained-glass makers, drapers and furnishers of the New Amsterdam Theatre are not artists, then we need a new word in the English language.

I don't like eulogy. Things which merit eulogism should always strike us dumb; but for the builders and supporters of this new play-house let us at least be lavish in our appreciation. Descriptions seldom describe, and I shouldn't like to weave a curtain of thick words over anybody's imaginary picture of this builder's dream in golden sunset tints. That is what they are—sunset tints, half hidden in a haze. Delicate violets and pinks and rich yellow gold all floating through softest green. There is plenty of color, but it all resolves itself into this mellow green, which proves that the blending is faultless. *L'art nouveau* cannot mislead. The "new art" is so distinctive, so different from all our old notions of art, that the first word we instinctively apply to it wherever we see it is, "modern." In its graceful long lines, in its flaring, brilliant, and softly pulsating colors, in its quaint, half-mad dream-world designs, it is like a sudden, impatient sweeping upward flash of youthful longing to fly away from a world too solid and tradition-laden for the full swing of buoyant freedom. And if you have imagination, that is the first word that will leap to your lips when you enter the New Amsterdam Theatre the first time—freedom!

There is not a narrow nor contracted line in the whole structure except the entrance on Forty-second Street. What a pity there wasn't room to make it a palace of art outside as it is in. What a joy it would have been to the builders could they have enshrined their jewels of interior decoration in a befitting casket. Why are we building New York so ugly on the outside and so beautiful within? No; I don't exactly mean that either. New York is anything but ugly on the outside. It has a gaunt, giant personality that makes the hearts of its lovers swell with a sensation of mingled pride, admiration, and exultant defiance. We challenge the world to show us anything more remarkable than our Broadway. It is exhilarating. It makes us feel like trying to live up to our own lofty conception of things. But, speaking from a purely æsthetic standpoint, is it beautiful? Say yes, New Yorkers; say yes! Of course it is beautiful! Beautiful in its gigantic, exuberant, glorious, defiant individuality; but it has no particular gems of architectural perfection to point out to visitors with a proud "Behold!" as every European capital has. We have an art museum away up in Central Park to which people make "pilgrimages"; but it is not at the heart of things for the masses to enjoy, even though it is the "Metropolitan" Art Museum. We also have a huge dry-goods box on the corner of Fortieth Street and Broadway, which we call the Metropolitan Opera House. Metropolitan? Why? How contracted we are in this cosmopolitan city of ours. A metropolitan street railway may be all right, but metropolitan opera and art that mostly comes

from European capitals? Well, some day we will have American institutions of art in this great city of which we may think with modest pride, even while standing in the grand court of the overwhelming Louvre or before the soul-stirring beauty of the Paris Opera House. And in the meantime we will take our European visitors down Broadway at night; get them into the clang and clamor of things that means America, and incidentally take them inside; show them the interior of New York, and in the language of New York itself say, "Can you beat it?"

Our theatres have never been so much to brag about. While they are superior in every way to most European theatres, they are still for the most part commonplace. But now! After we have taken our visitors into a few *cafés* and hotels and luxurious stores we may lead them through the lumber and dirt in Forty-second Street to the New Amsterdam Theatre and say, "Behold!" I think there is hardly any doubt that for a simple play-house, designed for the production of all sorts of drama and light opera, it has not its equal in the world. Next to the sumptuousness of the new theatre, in the line of rich surprises supplied by



ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER, OF KLAU & ERLANGER, WHO DIRECTED THE BUILDING OF THE BEAUTIFUL NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.

Klaw & Erlanger, stands the gorgeousness of the production of "A Midsummer-night's Dream," with which Mr. Nat C. Goodwin opened the house. If Shakespeare could have recrossed the River Styx for that one night, and occupied one of the stage-boxes usually reserved for the author, he would have been the most interested spectator in the house. If he had been called upon for the inevitable speech he would have said, emphatically, "I didn't do it! There is some mistake. I am not the man you want. The wonderful thing you have seen to-night bears a slight resemblance to one of my plays, but, indeed, in my wildest moments I never dreamed of anything like it. The men you want to honor with your applause are the stage carpenter, the electrician, the scene painter, the stage director, and the costumer. Without one of my immortal lines—which, by the way, I wish the modern actor would handle with a trifle more respect—this remarkable spectacle we have witnessed to-night would

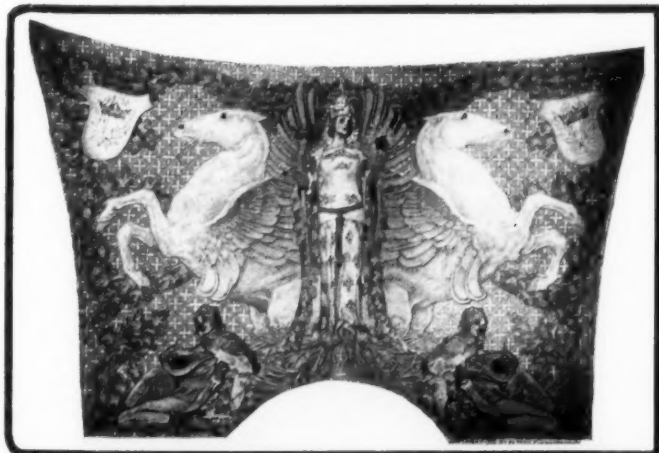
be worth recrossing the River Styx to see. It is a revelation to me. So, ladies and gentlemen, please don't call it Shakespeare, because it is hardly fair. In behalf of my respected collaborators, who have done me the honor to incorporate my 'Midsummer-night's Dream' in the wonderful fantastic creation we have beheld to-night, I thank you one and all for your kind applause." Exit Mr. Shakespeare; back to the place of blessed forgetfulness!

Of Mr. Nat C. Goodwin's idea of *Bottom* it is only necessary to say that it is genuinely funny. What else should it be? The ridiculous burlesque of "Pyramus and Thisbe" as played by him and his associates has more hearty laughs in it than Weber & Fields and Rogers Brothers put together, for which much thanks. It is great to be able to laugh uproariously at something in this day of flabby humor, even if it does rather disturb one's solemn worshipful attitude toward the great immortal bard. There are some women in Mr. Goodwin's production of "A Midsummer-night's Dream"; but of the principal ones it is quite impossible to write on a horizontal line. If I could write in wavering downward curves, with an occasional dim fluttering line piping off in an upward direction, I would attempt to say something about Miss Ida Conquest's *Helena*. A long-drawn "Oh-h-h," begun about the middle register, then carried upward about two and a half intervals and finished off with a flickering, whining, downward inflection just as far as you can go, is about as adequate a description of this remarkable performance as I can think of. It not only describes Miss Conquest's reading of the part, but it also fits her acting, for the most part, although one must confess she occasionally draped herself against the stage picture in a way that was an unusual delight to the eye. Miss Conquest is beautiful, and she wears a classic costume charmingly, but she doesn't know the first principles of elocution and voice management, if these two arts can be spoken of separately in this connection. If Miss Florence Rockwell, who plays *Hermia*, could give Miss Conquest a little of her snapiness and receive in return a bit of the latter's too utterly softness, we might have a couple of charming characterizations by these two charming actresses.

Oh, well, it isn't often our girls nowadays get a chance to try their talents in classic parts, and I don't doubt it would be difficult for any of them to realize our ideal conception of such rôles. Anyway, the New Amsterdam Theatre and the New Amsterdam "Midsummer-night's Dream" are the newest new and most gorgeously beautiful things seen in New York this season, and for both of them we should be duly and humbly and sincerely grateful.

A Cathedral Lost in Speculation.

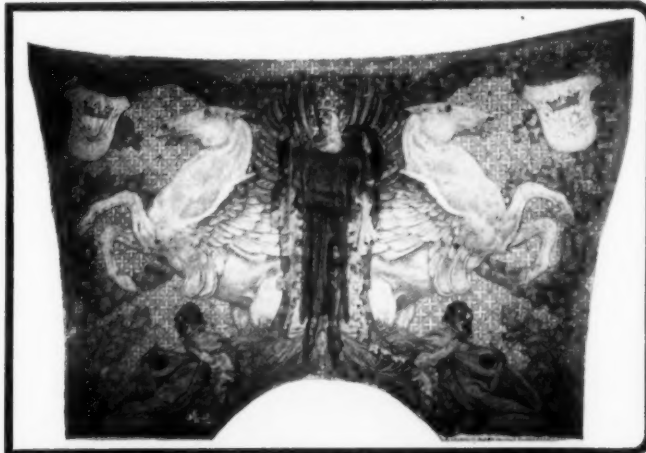
BY VIRTUE of his calling a clergyman has within his proper and legitimate sphere a large range of activities in addition to those that are purely spiritual. He may, and should, interest himself in the moral, social, and industrial welfare of the people to whom he ministers and among whom he resides, and should endeavor to promote, so far as his powers and opportunities permit, the well-being of all his fellow-men in these directions. But it has hardly needed the sad example recently set by a clergyman of Denver to prove once more that stock speculation and kindred enterprises requiring a special degree of financial acumen and commercial shrewdness are not profitable to men of the cloth, and do not contribute to their influence and prestige with the members of their flocks. In the case in question, the clergyman, the priest of a Denver church, in whose hands some \$52,000 to be used toward building a Roman Catholic cathedral had been intrusted, thought he saw an opportunity to double the money by investing it in mining stocks. His forecast was wrong, and he invested only to lose nearly every dollar of the fund. The clergyman has made a full confession and taken all the blame upon himself—but confessions will not build cathedrals.



PANEL BY WENZELL IN PROSCENIUM ARCH OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM. Copyright by Detroit Photographic Company.



NAT C. GOODWIN AS "BOTTOM" IN "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."—White.



PANEL BY WENZELL IN PROSCENIUM ARCH OF THE NEW THEATRE. Copyright by Detroit Photographic Company.

How the California Steer Makes Money

By Tom Thorne



BRANDING CATTLE IN CALIFORNIA WITH A HOT IRON.

SOME-TIMES it seems to me that the life of a beef animal on a California cattle ranch must be about the happiest existence

in the world. It is a short life, but it is free from all anxiety, pain, or hardship. It is a life of pure comfort. There is no suffering from excessive heat, no shivering in the cold, no fierce competition for food. In the morning the beef animal rises from a pleasant resting-place, stretches himself, and without further effort begins his first meal of the day. It is sunrise. The air is cool and refreshing; the grass is crisp and covered with dew. During ten months of the year it is green. All winter long the hillsides of a California cattle range are emerald, for winter is the California summer. Their dry months, the months of seasoning and ripening, are the summer months to us in the East. In August and September only, the ranch is brown and green, the trees keeping their color, the grass curing to hay under the summer sun. But whether the grass is green or brown, the cattle relish it and thrive on it. The dry grasses are the sweeter. The juices are concentrated.

From sunrise until about ten o'clock the beef animal leisurely takes his breakfast. There is no effort in getting it. His breakfast is everywhere, for miles. No one can drive him away from it. About ten o'clock his appetite, which was so keen at sunrise, is appeased and the beef animal feels a desire for water.

On all the hillsides of the ranch one sees paths, scattered at first, and then converging into one well-beaten trail, just as the fingers and thumb unite in the palm of the hand. These cattle trails lead to a cool spring that is never dry, or to a creek or river. The thirst of the animal is abundantly satisfied, and in that, the mere gratification of a strong physical desire, there is a pleasure. Then he lies down with a sigh of satisfaction and good feeling in the shade to rest and chew his cud, with eyes half shut, with an expression that is almost a smile. He lies there serene and happy until the middle of the afternoon.

The climate on the California ranch land is mild and gentle and hospitable. "Be comfortable, make yourself at home," it says to the stranger; and to those who live in it year in and year out it speaks reassuringly, telling them that it will not desert them, that it will remain with them forever; and it extends its hospitality to the dumb animal, too, so the beef creature does not fear deprivation. He leisurely rises again at three o'clock or so in the afternoon and partakes of his second meal. He wanders over the hillsides or browses among the trees or thickets in the cooling evening until darkness falls, when he lies down again to sleep. And this is his life for three or four years, until he is driven away to market. He lives his youth only and nothing more. His period of life is that epoch alone which health and vigor and freedom from responsibility make the time of greatest happiness. It is cut off before the coming of decline and decay.

The fertile California hillsides seem to be the ideal home for cattle. Let me describe a ranch which I visited last September in Mendocino County, Cal., owned by the California Cattle and Land Company, with offices at 615, 616, and 617 Hayward building, San Francisco. There were ninety-eight square miles of range—30,000 acres of it owned and controlled by the company, and surrounding the large section which is still unsurveyed and is a free range belonging still to the United States government, but inaccessible, excepting through the fenced land of the California Cattle Company. No one else can use this land unless the company gives permission. It is just as valuable to the members of the company as though they owned it all. The ground is a high, rolling hill country with a few mineral peaks of rough rock that in the East would be called big mountains, and would make the Catskills insignificant. These hills on this Mendocino County ranch are entirely covered with either grass or timber, and are well supplied with water everywhere—either by springs or running streams. This is the main factor on a good cattle ranch, water being its most valuable feature. The timber is distributed in groves or clumps of trees or in longer stretches along the larger streams.

On the side hills and among the trees the cattle feed in groups of from half a dozen to a score, the cows with their calves, the "kings of the herd," and the sleek, fat steers together. The cattle are never frightened.

When the animals are gathered for the market or the branding pen, dogs are used by the herdsmen, and these dogs become so well trained that a good one is much more valuable than any man, or even a horse and man. The cattle dogs are greatly prized. Some of them sell as high as a hundred dollars each. The necessary breeding of a cattle dog is only this, that his mother and father could "drive cattle."

All this range is fenced so that the animals graze

undisturbed, excepting when the steers, three or four years old, are gathered twice a year, fall or spring, for the beef market, or the calves are collected in the spring to be branded and turned into their respective pastures. Some of these contain as much as one thousand acres under fence, which to the ordinary Eastern farmer would mean a very large acreage indeed. But this company has five such pastures, all



TYPICAL BARNYARD OF A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

well inclosed by more than seventy miles of fence; and more fences still are being built.

The trees furnish shelter from the noonday sun in summer and from the coolest winds of winter. The temperature seldom falls below freezing; and during the winter months cattle feed in the lower valleys at an elevation of from 600 to 2,000 feet, avoiding the slightly lower temperature above. In the summer they graze among the hilltops at an elevation of from 2,000 to 3,300 feet, among the springs and the heads of the streams. But the trees are not only a protection, they furnish a relished food. The young shoots of the maple and oak are sometimes preferred by the cattle even to grass.

And of this there is always a supply—foxtail, wild clover, alfalfa, wild oats, "bunch grass," chess, varvæ, rye grass, and others. In some spots the grass is "sweeter" than in others—where the wild clover grows, for instance. The heavy winter rains and the mists that come with the sea air and settle in the valleys have much to do with the abundance of the grass. The soil is a black loam and very fertile. On a range like this the cows are prolific, the calves grow rapidly, the steers fatten, and all are comfortable, happy, and contented.

I saw, as I rode over the grassy hills, the steady increase of the progeny of one cow. The old mother was oddly marked—almost white in color, with peculiar red patches on her neck and shoulders. She was a grandmother, and in three years she had six descendants. The oldest of these was a three-year-old cow, the mother of a yearling heifer and a young calf. The second of the grandmother's offspring was a two-year-old cow, which had just dropped a calf. The third was a yearling, and the old cow herself had a young calf. This made seven in all, and there could be no mistake about their relationship, because all of them were nearly white and bore the peculiar markings on neck and shoulder like those of the old mother.

The market value of these seven cattle is about \$190. Three years before, the old cow and her first calf were bought for fifty dollars. She and her offspring had been milked, and their milk, sold or made into butter, made during those three years \$170. So that the old cow at the end of three years represented \$350.

And the genial climate and abundant food made this steady increase possible. Eighty per cent. of the cows on a ranch like this in California raise to maturity without loss a calf every year. It is worth \$10 as a calf, \$20 as a yearling, and after that 4½ cents per pound for beef, so that if it weighed 1,000 pounds in its third year it would sell for \$45—more than doubling its value every year. While I was there 200 head of beef cattle were being shipped by the buyers who come to the ranch to make purchases. And I learned that the cattle averaged in weight 1,300 pounds right off the grass, giving a value per head of \$58. I was not surprised to hear that this ranch had produced the best beef cattle in the whole State of California.

This ranch, over which I rode last September as a guest of Mr. E. D. Baker, president of the California Cattle Company, is interesting from another point of view. It is a co-operative cattle ranch, and its plan of organization is unique. It furnishes an opportunity for any man anywhere in the United States, or in the world for that matter, to go into the cattle business, starting with a very small capital. The plan was devised and put into operation by Mr. Baker and his associates, who are men of the highest standing. Mr. Baker has been prominent in business circles on the coast for years, and has other large business interests in San Francisco and elsewhere. He and his associates and Mr. Jacob Rupley, the superintendent of the ranch, are all experienced cattlemen; they know the business. Mr. Baker and Mr. Rupley had a ranch in northern California before they took an interest in Mendocino County.

The plan of the organization furnishes two ave-

nues for entering co-operation. One of these, as explained to me by Mr. Baker, is for the outsider to buy his own cattle through

the California Cattle Company, or otherwise, and the company will permit these cattle to run on its range, caring for them and marketing them for a share in the profits. In this way the purchaser of a few cows at first will soon have a goodly herd of his own, for each cow in ten years will bear eight calves, and cows here become mothers at two years old. By a sort of progression the number soon becomes very great. How about the male calves? you ask. The company has provided that the participator may maintain a herd of cows, for it will at any time exchange a heifer for a steer calf for a bonus of two dollars. And this herd of cows is constantly earning money at the dairy. A California cow of average value will earn in milk and butter, according to statistics, a net profit of three dollars a month for eight months of the year. Thus, while the herd is growing, each cow is earning twenty-four dollars a year, for a large dairy is to be a part of this co-operative establishment.

While one plan of this unique cattle organization gives an opportunity for a man to become the owner of a herd of cattle from a small beginning, the other plan gives him an interest in the entire ranch and property. The company is incorporated for \$150,000, divided into 150,000 shares. Seventy-five thousand of these shares are held by Mr. Baker and his associates. Some of the remaining 75,000 shares may be bought, giving the purchaser a proportionate interest in the ranch and its stock. Money invested in cattle, properly handled on a California ranch, as shown by returns from large ranches, will earn thirty per cent., or thirty dollars every year, after the first investment of \$100. But this co-operation pays at once to those who join it eight per cent. interest on their money, and this money is guaranteed in such a way that its payment is absolutely certain by the Central Bank and Trust Company, of California, a concern with a paid-up capital of two million dollars. Earnings of the company above that amount are to be distributed among the participants in the organization, and this additional payment is expected to be ten or fifteen per cent. every year.

The ranch is not to depend on its beef product alone for making money. On a California range like this there are many other chances for profit, and all these are planned to be taken advantage of here. This ranch has now 1,000 head of cattle roaming over its hills. The number can be trebled. Oak-trees are everywhere, and they produce millions of bushels of acorns. Upon these hogs fatten. A hundred brood sows, costing ten dollars each, have produced, while living on grass and acorns of a California ranch, \$4,000 a year in pork, the pork being their offspring. And this is another unique feature of the California cattle land. And where a dairy is operated, as is to be done on the ranch which I visited, there is a large quantity of skimmed milk to be fed to hogs, while the cream has gone into butter, and butter can be contracted for twenty-two cents a pound the year around. Chickens and turkeys live on these ranches without other food than the grasses, nuts, and berries, and without other shelter than the trees.

Close by the ranch-house of the place which I visited in September a score of big turkeys roosted every night among the trees, noisily quarreling as they fluttered into their places. And it was near enough to Thanksgiving time to make these turkeys extremely interesting. Dried beef, bacon, and ham are products, too, of the California ranch, and are preferred in the State to the packing-house product. So a smoke-house, I was told by Mr. Baker, is to be one of the plants of the co-operative ranch. Beef, milk, butter, cheese, pork, ham, bacon, dried beef, chickens, eggs, and turkeys—these are the products of a California ranch. It is a different proposition from the range on the plains.

The increasing value of beef, which fact is painfully apparent to every housewife in the country, as well as to him who foots the bills, makes the industry of cattle raising constantly more profitable. During the last fifteen years the population of the United States has grown enormously, the consumption of meat per capita has nevertheless increased twenty-five per cent. Under these conditions declining beef prices are not to be expected. The United States does not produce all the cattle that it needs. Vast numbers are imported every year from Mexico. Last spring one concern alone brought over the line from Mexico 100,000 calves. On these it was obliged to pay an export duty of \$2 per head, or \$200,000. The beef and dairy business of the United States along with the other products from cattle amounts every year to more than four hundred million dollars.



PICTURESQUE RANCH HOUSE OF THE CALIFORNIA CATTLE COMPANY'S RANCH.

Gold Follows Death in the Mojave Desert



THE DESOLATE AND BARREN MOJAVE DESERT OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MOJAVE DESERT in California has been known for its terrors. It has been extremely interesting because of its former absolute barrenness, because its only product was death. Many a weird tale has been told of wanderings in the fearful heat, the blinding light, the choking dust of this desolate desert of California. It was only recently that the corpses of three men, who had lost their way in the great pathless region, were found.

The heat and the drought are the fatal enemies of life in the Mojave country. I am told by those who know the desert best that the heat affects one differently there than in the moist, hot climates. To be overcome by heat means usually a fainting and bleeding; but in the Mojave desert the man who has walked too far or too fast in the dizzy light and heat notices a ringing in his ears. It is the first signal of danger. If he crawls at once under the shade of a yucca plant, which has some of the qualities of the cactus, and lies there very still for a while, all may be well with him. But if he persists in pushing forward, or there is no yucca shade at hand, his vision next becomes affected. Everything seems to be vibrating before him. The vibration is lateral—a sort of shimmering of the landscape. Then the unfortunate one becomes bewildered. He thinks, but his thoughts are confused and he is filled with wild terror and panic; and then comes complete insanity.

It is the insanity of an awful thirst. Every drop of blood, every nerve cell cries out for water. Persons crazed by the heat and drought and light of the desert have been discovered in their ravings imagining that they had found water, and that they were swimming, reveling in it; and this is said to be the almost inevitable fate of those who are overcome by this heat. It is no wonder that the Mojave desert, like Death Valley, which lies north of it, has had a fame for its terrors.

But its reputation is changing; it is coming to be known as one of the richest gold fields in the world. The Santa Fé Railroad, which runs its fine trains rapidly across it, has been a civilizing agent. The Salt Lake Railroad, belonging to United States Senator W. A. Clark, is being built through this hitherto unproductive region. The desert covers an area of more than 20,000 square miles. Its boundary is almost identical with that of San Bernardino County, the largest county of California. On the west are the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the south the San Bernardino Mountains, on the east the Colorado River, on the north the State of Nevada and Death Valley. The desert contains more acres than all of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island. In this area little moisture comes. It is a vast, dry plain, drier now than

a few years ago. It is broken up by short ridges of low mountains, extending in all directions, following only the caprices of the volcanic action that formed them. There are 8,000 square miles of the mountain ranges, almost entirely without vegetation. Nearly 11,000 square miles is the flat desert, with a sparse growth of the strange, gaunt plants that thrive without water—the ugly cactus, the coarse, spreading yucca with its lurid yellow flowers, the sage-brush, the "rabbit" grass, and the "squaw" cabbage. Such is the desert's vegetation.

Within its boundaries are 700 square miles of "dry lakes." Formerly these were bodies of water; now they are simply flat expanses of white sand which reflects the unbroken sunlight like porcelain. The desert has one river, the Mojave, which rises among the snow tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and starts bravely eastward across the barren plain. Its waters rapidly sink in the sands, until they are finally lost entirely in the bed of a dry lake. It is a strange river, strongest at its source and without a mouth.

And it is an interesting contrast that in the extreme southwest corner of this desert lies one of the most fertile spots in America. Here the moist sea breezes penetrate and shed their blessing, and fruits and flowers are grown in rich profusion. But the Mojave country is rich in gold and other metals. The following minerals, ornamental material and gems, according to official information, are known to exist in it: gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, zinc, mineral paint, porphyry, sandstone, gypsum, corundum, potter's clay, fire clay, fuller's earth, bauxite, coal, oil, asbestos, mica, apatite, kaolin, nitre, carbonate of soda, glauber salts, epsom salts, aragonite, azurite, agate, obsidian, octahedrite, and onyx.

During the last few years the development of the mines has done much to tame the desert. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, the statesman, diplomat, and orator, is one of the principal mine owners of the Mojave district. He is associated with several wealthy men of Rochester, N. Y., in the ownership of the Bagdad, for which, it is said, \$2,000,000 was recently declined. The mines of the desert are in a crescent chain. The crescent begins in Kern County, Cal., swings down through San Bernardino County, and extends into Nevada. At one extremity is the Rand district. Here, among others, is the most famous mine of the desert, the Yellow Aster. Since 1896 it has produced \$2,500,000. There are twelve miles of underground workings in the mine, and the 130 stamps of its mill and 200 men are producing every month \$75,000. The mine is valued at \$6,000,000.

At Mojave, the next point on the crescent, are other rich mines, notable amongst them, the Echo. It is on

Soladad peak, the highest of the whole desert, 3,000 feet above the surrounding country. It is in rough, volcanic land, and the veins of gold lie between bodies of phonolite and porphyry. The veins vary in width from four to fourteen feet, and the average value of the ore is fifteen dollars a ton. The gold is free in the rock and is milled at the mine, the product of the mine being about fifteen thousand dollars a month.

Like other mines of the desert the veins here grow broader with increasing depth. The Echo Mine is typical of the Mojave district. It is four miles from the town of that name, and on the extreme western border of the desert. The mine has been developed and is operated by G. H. Hooper and F. C. Hooper, brothers, who are president and vice-president respectively, of the company which owns the property. Continuing in a southern and easterly direction following the crescent, one passes through the Oro Grande district, the Pinor district, the Bagdad district, the Solo district, the Vanderbilt district, and over into the Searchlight district of Nevada.

The Bagdad district, called after the Bagdad Mine, in which Senator Depew is interested, is extremely rich. And a man named John Suter, who was once a section hand, made the discovery. In the organization of the company, through California friends, Senator Depew became interested in the mine. It proved to be a bonanza. It is producing now \$50,000 a month net; and near it is the Chase Mine, named in honor of Mr. B. E. Chase, of Rochester, N. Y., who, with Mr. Depew and other capitalists of the Empire State, is the owner of this mine also. Near by is the Roosevelt, which is also richly productive, and is owned by a company composed of Pasadena (Cal.)

men. There are no other rich productive mines in this immediate district yet developed.

It is a theory that this gold was carried down many years ago and deposited by a great stream of water, so that it is a buried "placer" mine.

The development of these mines has attracted wide attention in California, and has raised the mineral product of San Bernardino County until it was only third in the mineral yield of the State in 1902. Shasta and Kern counties are alone ahead of this desert county in mineral wealth, for last year San Bernardino County produced \$3,308,002. Yet this does not represent the entire output of the Mojave desert, for two of its most important districts, the Rand and Mojave, are in Kern County. So the old fame of the Mojave desert is fast changing to a fame of another sort. It is being thoroughly explored by prospectors. Its dangers are better understood, and the means for overcoming the difficulties that in the past have been so fatal are better known.



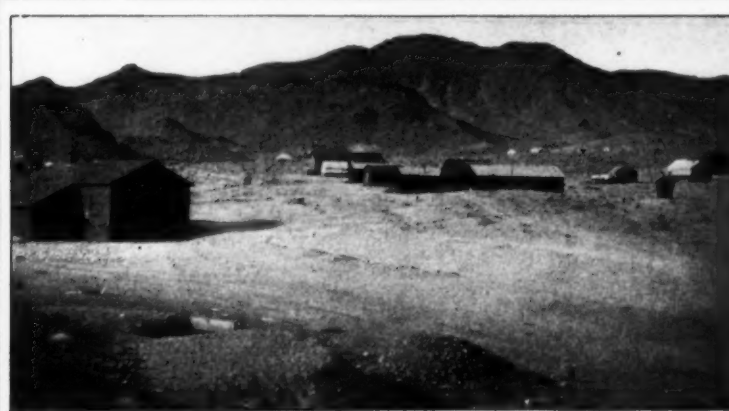
A YUCCA TREE, THE DESERT'S ONLY SHADE.



A WEEK'S "MILL RUN" OF GOLD BULLION FROM THE ECHO MINE AT MOJAVE.



THE ECHO CAMP ON THE DESERT'S HIGHEST HILL.



CAMP OF THE BAGDAD MINE, IN WHICH SENATOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW IS INTERESTED.



Mining as a Business

By J. M. Graybill *



"THE BEST way to make money," said a modern sage, "is to show those who have money how they can make more." This statement is a truth because there are more people in the United States now who have money than ever before. A few years ago this country was only embarking in business. It had to borrow its working capital in Europe. But our enterprises rapidly became profitable. We paid off our European debts, and now the Old World comes to us for money. During the five years from June, 1896, to June, 1901, we bought from the world \$3,750,542,752, and in the same period we sold to the world \$6,277,196,032. Thus we sold \$2,526,653,280 more than we bought. This was the profit of the American nation. It was added to the wealth of the American people.

While a few men made almost fabulous fortunes, the great mass of the people has gained in wealth also. We were, as a nation, borrowers before. Now we are investors. During two or three generations our established families have piled up fortunes. The grandfathers toiled with their hands. The grandsons are millionaires looking for opportunities to invest their money. Even the better class of wage-earners accumulating slowly are in the investor class. This situation is particularly true in the East, where profit-producing enterprises have been established for years.

This capital seeking investment has developed many industries, but none more than that of mining. The stimulus has been enormous. New mineral fields have been discovered, new methods have been devised and put into operation for the greater production of the metals, for industrial activity has increased the demand. Old mines that had long been abandoned not because their ore was exhausted, but because more expensive processes came to be needed to obtain their products, were rehabilitated and put into operation again by the use of this capital, which the people of the country had been accumulating.

The effect of this new activity was a gigantic growth in the country's mineral production. The increase alone for three years beginning with 1898 was \$369,784,867. Last year the mines produced the enormous sum of \$1,027,000,000, or one-seventieth of the total wealth of the country.

To make clear this wonderful production of "things under the earth," this illustration may be given: If the wealth of the nation were wiped out; if its farms were destroyed, its manufactories annihilated, its railroads torn up and cast into the sea, its ships sunk; if every vestige of the nation's wealth were to perish and leave only its mines, the mining industry, at the rate of its last year's returns, would rebuild the entire structure in seventy years. Its product in that single calendar year was sufficient to have considerably more than paid off the national debt, a statement which could not prove true of any other country on earth.

Mining is, of course, in a sense speculative; but so is every other business, or even profession. The element of chance is present everywhere. The business of mining is liked better to-day because it is better understood; better known by the practical miners themselves because of the accumulated experience of others, the increase of mining knowledge, and the marvelously improved processes. The waste thrown from the mines a few years ago and containing metal

*J. M. Graybill is one of the most prominent mining brokers on the Pacific coast. He has been active in the development of mines in California and Mexico. He is the publisher of the *International Mining News*, president of the Cecil R. Gold Mining and Milling Company, the Frances Mining, Milling and Cyaniding Company, the Buena Vista Mining Company, the Riverside Copper Mining Company, the Five Metals Mining Company operating in Arkansas, Arizona, and California, and director in the Jessie Belle Copper Mining and Smelting Company, and prominently identified with other interests in the Southwest.



J. M. GRAYBILL.

that could not then be extracted is now worked by modern machinery, making these waste heaps—"dumps," as they are called—profitable mines in themselves. These new methods and appliances make it possible to pay large dividends from ore now that a few years ago could not be handled without loss.

The combination of skill and industry with the stimulus of capital has transformed mining into a science, increasing the certainty of its profit-making and reducing the element of chance. The location of a reasonably profitable vein of mineral means rich returns. If a "find" comes later, well and good. Mining is better understood among the general investing or speculating public than ever before. The public knows pretty well to-day that mining is not a mere matter of getting up a company, which engages a mining engineer to wave a wand over the barren earth and produce gold that rapidly increases into Carnegiesque fortunes. The public has learned that making money in mining means patient digging and delving, running along dark, narrow levels, with candles in hand, to see where the ore is; breaking it down and hoisting it into the good sunlight; pounding the rock to pieces and forcing it along space covered with quicksilver, if happily it is free gold, or concentrating it—that is, removing the useless rock from that that carries gold and shipping it to reduction works. And doing all this takes time, money, and brains.

Mining is not looked upon as a business by a great many, yet it is a business pure and simple, and when conducted as such, success is achieved. Those who claim mining to be a speculation would not for a moment say that an ordinary mercantile business was a speculation. But it is, and so is every other business. A dry-goods store speculates on what the public will use during a given season. How many cases are on record of a firm failing because the fashions changed suddenly, rendering the stock on hand practically worthless?

Manufacturing and commercial pursuits are always beset with many dangers. Markets may fluctuate and entirely destroy profits and capital. Agriculture, the time-honored pursuit, must depend upon climatic conditions. The values of a thoroughly prospected mine can be accurately estimated and the cost of extracting the precious metals from the quartz can be concisely told.

The wealth of the Pacific slope, which has given it some of the richest cities on the globe, has not come from manufactures nor from agricultural pursuits, but is the product of its gold-bearing rock.

Gold mining has been the pioneer that blazed the path for the splendid civilization of the West. For over half a century it has been building great cities, populating mountains and deserts alike, and trans-

forming the wild country into empires fit for kings. All of this rapid growth has been due to the fact that mining has attracted both men and capital, and has been the one factor in the progress of the entire West. The star of empire, the centre of population, and the centre of wealth are still moving westward.

The discovery of new mining districts is no longer the result of accident, but the result of intelligent search for mineral by men trained by years of experience in this business. The prospector is a man to whom the mining world owes much. The fearless, sturdy miner, who from the rocky fastnesses of God's eternal treasure-vaults brings together untold wealth without the loss of one dollar's worth of previous accumulation is certainly a public benefactor.

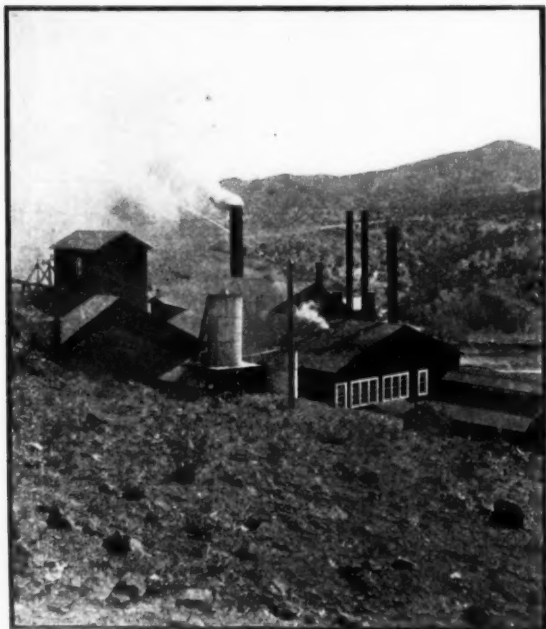
While the mineral production of the country is making fortunes for thousands who have invested in mines, the same caution and consideration should be used in making mining investments as one should use in buying a new house. Two features should be investigated before a mining investment is made. One of these is the reasonableness of the proposition itself; the other is the standing of those who make it. The latter is as important as the former. There have been a good many "fakes" in the mining business. There are those who deliberately sell shares in a mine or a mining prospect which they know has no value, and those who are engaged in this nefarious practice are the very ones who make the most extravagant promises.

Startling fortunes have been made in recent years in the development of some of the famous American mines. Five dollars invested in the Calumet and Hecla in 1880 is now worth \$382.50; ten dollars invested in the San Francisco in 1898 is now worth \$1,000; fifty dollars invested in the United Verde in 1887 is now worth \$15,000; one hundred dollars invested in the Le Roi in 1894 is now worth \$80,000; three hundred dollars invested in the Granite Mountain, Mont., in two years advanced to \$225,000; the Treadwell mine in Alaska sold for four hundred dollars in 1881, now it is worth \$10,000,000. The "Alaska-Treadwell" gold mine has paid \$3,995,000 in dividends. The "Quincy" has paid \$12,000,000 in dividends. The "Ontario" has paid \$13,000,000 in dividends. The "Anaconda" mine has paid \$20,000,000 in dividends. The "Boston and Montana," has paid \$22,000,000 in dividends. The Homestake, of South Dakota, on three-dollar ore has paid \$3,333 in dividends every day it has run for the past ten years. The Granite Mountain, Mont., stock advanced from ten cents per share to seventy-five dollars inside of two years, and pays fifty per cent. dividends each month.

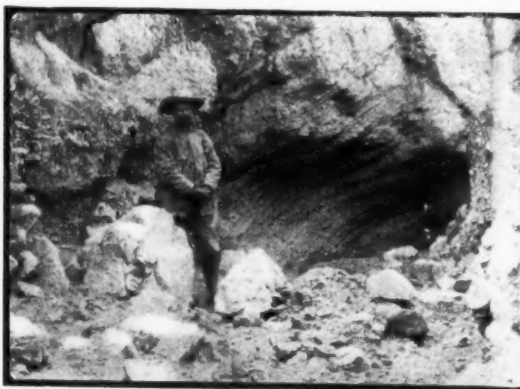
The United Verde Mining Company in 1892 paid ten dividends of seventy-five cents per share, an aggregate disbursement of \$2,250,000, or seventy-five per cent. on its capital stock. The company quite recently declared a dividend of seventy-five cents.

In the early development of the Le Roi mine a certain well-known St. Paul gentleman had his check written for \$5,000 to pay for a one-fifth interest in the property, but his friends persuaded him not to take it. A few months later, as is well known, the mine sold in London for \$5,000,000. The advice of his friends cost him just \$1,000,000.

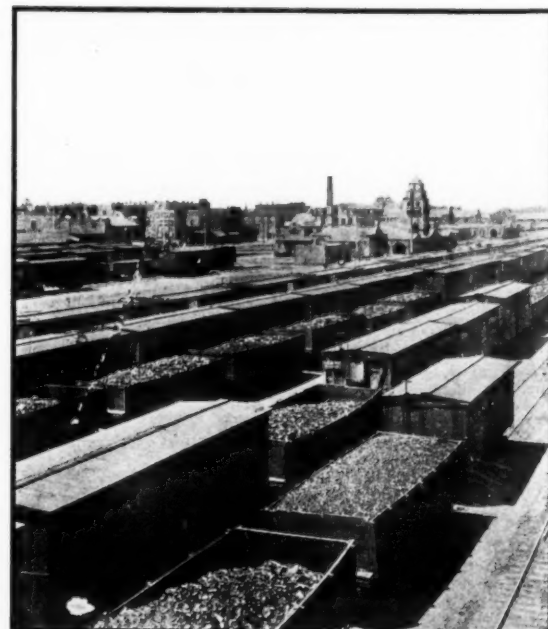
The story of "Colonel" John Woodside, of Philadelphia, is romantic, yet it can be duplicated many times from the annals of the wild and woolly West. A few months ago Mr. Woodside bought 20,000 shares in a Tonopah company for five cents a share, or a total of \$1,000. He recently sold the same for eight dollars per share, or \$1,600,000, clearing the neat sum of \$1,590,000, all within a year.



GLIMPSE IN THE MINING REGION OF ARKANSAS.



WHERE GOLD IS FOUND NEAR BALLARAT, CAL.



SHIPPING ORE BY THE TRAIN-LOAD OUT OF ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.



SENSATIONAL PLAY IN THE PRINCETON-CORNELL FOOTBALL GAME.

KAFFER MAKING THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN FOR PRINCETON IN THE CONTEST WHICH THE "TIGERS" WON BY THE SCORE OF 44 TO 0.—Copyright, 1903, by James Burton.

Make Room for the Sunny South

CERTAIN QUESTIONS, or "problems," relating to social and political conditions in the Southern States have been kept in the foreground so persistently and prominently during the past few years that they have obscured other important and significant facts and tendencies having an equally vital relation to the welfare and prosperity of the Southern people, and all of a hopeful character. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in regard to the future of the negro in the South, there can be but one opinion with respect to the future of this great section of the country in its industrial and commercial aspects. In these directions no doubts, discouragements, or perplexities appear; every sign is propitious, and every tendency upward.

While not a little has appeared in public print recently concerning the new era of prosperity in the South, few who have not acquainted themselves with the actual situation can realize what tremendous strides the Southern States have taken in the past two years in railway extension, the development of mining, manufacturing, agriculture, lumbering, and other industries. A competent authority has recently estimated that \$300,000,000 has been added to the wealth of the South in the last two years, and these figures are doubtless within the mark. The growth of its iron and steel industry in the period named would alone represent a value approximating the figures given. This year the value of pig iron produced in the region of Birmingham is conservatively put at \$300,000,000. In 1902 the value was \$270,000,000, showing a growth at the rate of \$30,000,000 a year. Twenty-four years ago there were only four blast furnaces in the Birmingham district; now there are fifty-five. The steel industry of the district has a still shorter history, the first steel being produced in Birmingham in 1888. The total annual production of pig iron in Alabama since 1898 has risen from 1,033,676 to 1,500,000 tons. Bessemer pig iron made by Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama aggregated 301,444 tons in 1901, and 295,191 tons in 1902.

The decade just passed has witnessed an unprecedented growth of railway systems throughout the world, and nowhere has this feature of commercial enterprise and development been more marked and general than in the South. The consolidation of railroad interests, and particularly the absorption of small and independent lines by the large systems, has nowhere gone on with more rapidity and inclusiveness than in the country south of Mason and Dixon's line during the past ten years, and as a result nearly all the great trunk lines of the North now have close connections with leading Southern railroads, besides branches of their own tapping the chief industrial centres and reaching out to the seaports of the Gulf and the Atlantic. Three of the larger Southern lines, the Norfolk and Western, the Louisville and Nashville, and the Southern Railway, have increased their total mileage in the past nine years from 8,159 to 11,966, and have more than doubled their gross earnings.

It was discovered years ago by railway promoters and financiers bidding for the trade of the wheat and mining States of the West that such seaports as Gal-

veston, New Orleans, Savannah, and Norfolk offered marked advantages as terminal points over anything farther north, and the consequence has been that Western freight has been diverted to these ports in largely increasing amounts each year, and this diversion has only begun. New Orleans is hundreds of miles nearer the wheat emporiums of Nebraska and Kansas than New York, and plain considerations of economy alone are bound to direct an increasing share of Western freight to that port. The total export of wheat last year from New Orleans and Galveston was 26,725,071 bushels, coming close to the export from New York, which was 27,136,272 bushels. The building of an isthmian canal in the near future is certain to give a tremendous impetus to the Southern export trade along all lines.

But in all her wealth-producing factors the South has nothing comparable with her cotton crop. In the production of this most valuable staple of the world's commerce the Southern States enjoy what is virtually a monopoly, the exclusive possession of a field of productive enterprise capable of indefinite expansion, with little or no danger of successful rivalry. It is generally understood that the production of cotton can be advanced in the South as rapidly as the world's requirements may demand, and this demand is certain to increase regularly and enormously. It is estimated that the Southern cotton crop for the past three years brought into the country a total of \$1,400,000,000. And along with an increase of cotton acreage has come what is better still for the South, an immense increase in cotton manufacture, whence the larger profit comes. From an amount represented by a cipher at the close of the war, the sum invested in Southern cotton mills has grown steadily until it now reaches a total of over one hundred million dollars, controlling one-third of all the spindles in the United States.

No section of the country, unless it may be the extreme Northwest, can show such a record in the establishment of new industries during the present year as the Southern States. According to the *Chattanooga Tradesman*, the number of new industries started in thirteen of these States for the three months ending October 1st was 1,316, an increase of one hundred and ninety-four over the same period last year. These new enterprises included thirty-eight new cotton and woolen mills, two hundred and twenty-three wood-working plants, one hundred and twenty-five mines and quarries, thirty-six brick and tile works, nineteen canning factories, fifty-two electric light and power companies, twenty-eight flour and grist mills, and one hundred natural-gas and oil companies. Additional information along this line of Southern industrial development is afforded in the recent report of the Southern Railway for 1902, from which it appears that five hundred and sixty-six new industrial plants and enterprises were established along that line alone in the year named. Twenty-one new textile plants were in process of construction along this road at the close of 1902, representing an aggregate capital of \$6,800,000. These otherwise dry statistics become full of interest and significance when it is remembered that they refer to a section of the country that up to a comparatively

few years ago had no manufacturing industries worth speaking of, but was largely dependent upon the manufacturing centres of the North for the conversion of its cotton and other raw materials into marketable products. From that dependent position the South has already far removed and it will never return to it again.

Such are a few, and only a few, of the facts and figures which speak more eloquently than words of the new and wonderful era of material prosperity opening before the citizens of our Southern States; a prosperity in which all the country must rejoice because it is shared directly and indirectly by all. The South has suffered under many serious disadvantages in years not long past, and has had more than its proportion of discouragement and adversity, of those "dark and dreary" days which fall into the lives of nations as of men. Happily now brighter and fairer prospects have arisen before it, and every American citizen must fervently hope that nothing will occur to prevent their fullest and most splendid realization.

Congressman's "Graft" at Washington.

Continued from page 460.

a complete one, is the control of the appropriations by a strong, knowing, and courageous chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House. Randall, Holman, and Cannon held that place with entire confidence on the part of the public in their determination to keep down all expenditures. Cannon is to be succeeded by James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, whose record as a hard-working and economical member of the committee gives assurance that he will be a worthy successor of the men who have held the responsible position. The President can do something, but not much, personally, to restrict "graft," but what there is to be done by the President, those who know Mr. Roosevelt do not need to be told, will be done.

Ill-judged War Upon a Governor.

THE GRAND Army of the Republic, in Kansas, could easily and profitably engage in better business than in hounding Governor Bailey, of that State, for not giving enough offices to members of that order and also for appointing an ex-Confederate soldier as probate judge of Riley County in preference to one of their own members. The Confederate ought to have the place if he is the better and more trustworthy man of the two, of which there appears to be no doubt. As for the distribution of offices generally, Governor Bailey seems to have been guided by the principle of fitness, as a rule, and in this, as in other matters, is giving Kansas a sound and able administration. At all events, if no more serious charge can be brought against him than a failure to appoint enough Grand Army men to public office, his chances for renomination ought to be highly promising. And every sensible Grand Army veteran will say "amen" to this. Deserving as any organization may be of consideration by the public, there are limits beyond which it cannot go without straining its claim to general regard.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

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THE boast of the Steel Trust that it has over 70,000 stockholders is accompanied by the statement that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Perkins think it wise to have the stock distributed as widely as possible. Financial writers commenting on this have credited Mr. Morgan and his bright young associate with remarkable acumen, and have pointed out that the easiest way to popularize the Steel Trust is by the widest distribution of its shares. I do not want to detract from credit that properly belongs to Mr. Morgan or Mr. Perkins, but the brainy financier of Wall Street who originally conceived the idea of popularizing an unpopular security by distributing it widely among small shareholders was my late and lamented friend, Jay Gould, whose little finger in his day was bigger than the thigh of any Wall Street man of our times.

When every one was attacking Jay Gould, with and without reason, and when his Western Union was being brought into such disrepute that even its 5 per cent. guaranteed American Cable Company's stock was rejected by the public at 60, he made up his mind that he would take the public into his confidence. Immediately, by a shrewd scheme of his own, he began to attract most successfully the attention of small investors to the great value and handsome profits in Western Union shares at the then prevailing prices. Speaking of his plan to me one day, he pointed out the large increase in the number of Western Union stockholders, and especially the holders of ten and twenty share lots, and said that every shareholder was not only a friend of the company, but its advocate and advertiser as long as the company maintained its earnings and paid its dividends.

Mr. Gould encouraged investment in Western Union shares on the part of the company's employes, just as Mr. Perkins has been encouraging the employes of the Steel Trust to pick up the latter's stock. Let Jay Gould have credit, at least, for some of the brainy things he did—and there were plenty of them. In many respects, if not in all, he stood a good deal higher than some men who are walking very erect in Wall Street circles about these times, with their pockets stuffed with profits from inflated enterprises, and with the notion that Jay Gould was never in their class.

In the midst of the tremendous iron boom a year and a half ago I called attention to the fact that the situation might be reversed in a day. The promoters of new combinations ridiculed the idea, declaring that our country had had wonderful growth and development during the past ten years, that all business was now on a safer and more stable basis, and that violent fluctuations were no longer to be expected. Yet what is the situation to-day? Iron and steel concerns are closing on all sides, furnaces are running at a loss, orders are being canceled, and the gravest apprehension regarding the future of the iron and steel market is manifested on every hand. Indefinite suspensions of work, not only at the big furnaces, but at many of the manufactories of finished products, are constantly announced, and iron and steel makers are holding meetings to devise plans to diminish the output and sustain prices.

This is all the natural consequence of a situation that could have been readily foreseen months ago—a situation which has arisen in part from the enormous increase in wages, especially in the railroad world, and from the tremendous strikes which have paralyzed building operations in some of our largest cities. The cotton corner, too, has something to do with it, and the adverse influence this factor has exercised in all cotton manufacturing centres has had a most dispiriting effect on business. Railroads, under the compulsion of tight money and increased expenses, have been cutting expenditures to the closest limit; orders for new cars and equipments of all kinds, as far as possible, have been canceled, and the effect of this general restriction

of business is foreshadowed by the decline in the shares of such corporations as Pressed Steel Car, American Car and Foundry, Railway Steel Spring, and American Locomotive companies. The depression in these has naturally led to a decline in other industrial securities.

"J. S.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: As conditions are now, it might be well to retain the "put" for a small profit. A disposition to support the stock has recently been manifested.

"A. H.," New York: 1. Common shares always rise or fall sympathetically with the preferred. 2. I believe it would be advantageous to make the change, if you could get the stock at prevailing low prices.

"C.," Hannibal, Mo.: Preferred for three months. 1. This question has been answered regularly in my department almost weekly. Everything depends on conditions, which are constantly changing. 2. Atchison preferred, on its earnings, is regarded as a stock with something of an investment quality; hence its strength. 3. Impossible to name all; but he is heavily interested in New York Central, Pennsylvania, Mo. Pacific, and M. K. and T.

Continued on following page.

The Short Ride across the Continent.

WHILE THE ocean greyhounds have narrowed the Atlantic Ocean the

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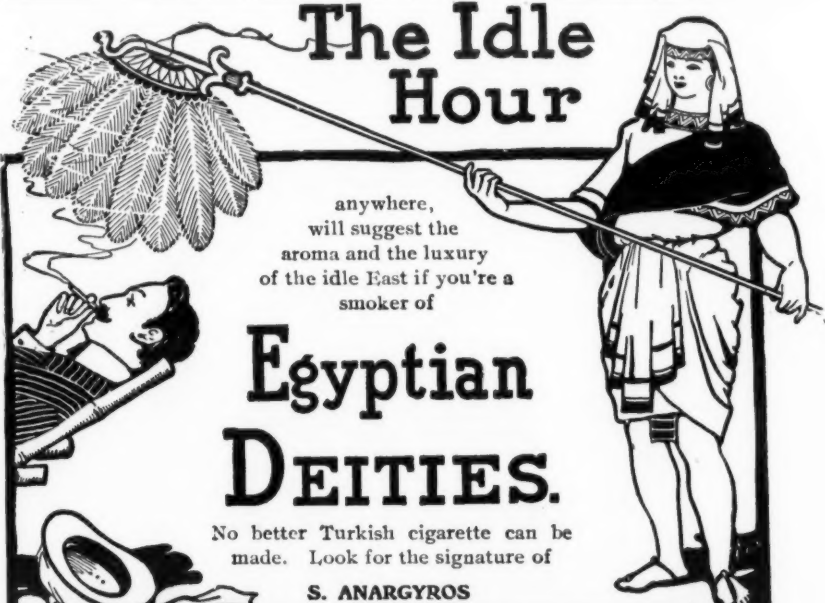
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S. ANARGYROS

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"B." Boston. Preferred for one year.
 "G." Danville, Penn.: Preferred for one year.
 "C." Marblehead, Mass.: Preferred for six months.

"N. H. C." New York: Preferred for three months.
 "J. S." New York: Anonymous communications not answered.

"D." Orange, N. J.: No information regarding it is to be obtained on Wall Street.

"Conservative-Pass": If you hold them for investment this is no time to sell them. Better wait a while.

"S. S. S." Massachusetts: I answer similar questions from week to week. Please read the column carefully.

"H. S." Sanford, Me.: I am inclined to agree with you, and there are signs that insiders are very liberal purchasers on every decline. 2. You are lucky.

"M." Perth Amboy, N. J.: It is impossible to answer your question, as I have not visited the property; know no one who has. The shares are not dealt in on Wall Street.

"C." Little Falls, N. Y.: Haight & Freese are not members of the New York Stock Exchange. This is the company concerning which a recent action was brought before the Attorney-General of New York, as reported in this column.

"Gordon." New York: Observe comments from week to week in my column for suggestions regarding opportunities. I think well of your present holdings, and you could safely add to them.

"C. A. A." Pittsburg: The Steel bonds are safer than the stock, because they are a prior lien. In other words, the interest charges on the bonds must be paid before dividends on either class of stock.

"Rix." Oakland, Cal.: The Southern Railway and the Louisville and Nashville are different properties. The L. and N. has been a dividend-payer for many years. Southern preferred also pays dividends.

"B." Leominster, Mass.: Preferred for six months. If I understand your question correctly you wish to know where the stocks you mention can be purchased. They can be bought from any stock broker in Boston, New York, or elsewhere.

"X." Divy, Pittsburg: As conditions are now, the exchange of Crucible preferred for Colorado Fuel would seem to be advisable. The latter is controlled by Rockefeller-Gould interests, who are expected to take good care of it, but they always first take care of themselves.

"B." Allentown, N. J.: 1. Both have good speculative opportunities, especially the former. 2. You could even up cheaper on Steel common, if you wished to try a speculation, by buying Ice common at prevailing low prices and awaiting the outcome of what is said to be a very promising situation.

"S. K. R." Toledo: American Can preferred did not show much strength after the declaration of a dividend. The statement of its earnings was very good, but this company somehow has not been in favor either with investors or speculators; perhaps because it has no monopoly, and is open to competition on every side.

"M. N. O." Bennington, Vt.: Preferred for six months. 1. The New York Stock Exchange is the old and original organization. The Consolidated was started as a sort of rival. 2. No. 3. Will make inquiries. 4. Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine Streets, are members of the New York Stock Exchange in excellent standing.

"C." Washington, D. C.: Preferred for six months. 1. Yes; American Smelters is largely over-capitalized. During the litigation against it this was shown. The common is largely water. 2. The depression in business is not likely to affect it as much as the steel and iron industry. 3. I could not fix a price. Everything depends on general conditions.

"W." Lancaster, O.: While General Electric is said to be earning phenomenal amounts of money it must suffer severely from the policy of retrenchment everywhere being pursued and from the decided indisposition not to continue trolley-line extensions and new works. Transactions in it are not numerous. It is usually safer to short more active and speculative stocks.

"L. P." Omaha: 1. The Rock Island Collateral Trust 5's look cheap at prevailing prices. They were issued in part payment for the common stock of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company. They are called a collateral trust bond because they are not a lien on the railroad but are secured by the deposit of all the St. Louis and San Francisco common stock recently acquired by the Rock Island. If the latter fails to keep up its earnings, interest charges might be jeopardized; hence the low price of the bonds. 2. Yes.

"Investor, Alabama": 1. For investment, your Atchison preferred ought to be quite safe, though I do not regard it as gilt-edged. Greater safety lies in the bonds. 2. American sugar common is one of the industrials which has won its way to success by liberal dividends it has constantly paid. It largely monopolizes an article of domestic consumption, and will therefore probably suffer less from hard times than most other industrials. The only fault to be

found with it is that it refuses to take the public into its confidence, and never makes a candid report of its earnings. You must therefore buy it on faith rather than on sight.

"Mt. Morris, N. Y.": Preferred for six months. The future of Smelters common depends to some extent on the action taken regarding the declaration of a dividend. For over a year we have been told that the common was to be placed on a substantial dividend-paying basis, and there are indications that this policy may be followed out. At such a time, when industrial corporations generally are realizing the necessity of accumulating a large surplus, the conservative course would be not to declare dividends on the common. The trouble with Smelters is that nobody but the insiders knows what will be done with it. Outsiders who buy it are therefore only gambling in it.

Governor, New York: 1. If the Steel Trust 5 per cent. bonds, which are a second mortgage, were, strictly speaking, an investment, they would not sell around 70. No investment bonds yield 7 per cent. interest to the investor. The tremendous and sudden decline in the iron business must seriously affect the earning power of the Steel Trust, and there are many who believe that the canny Mr. Carnegie, who is the principal holder of the first mortgage bonds, expects some time to own the entire property again. 2. M. K. and T. preferred, on the showing of its earnings, ought to have good prospects if held for a long pull, though I do not say that this is the time to buy it.

C., Anamosa, Ia.: 1. It is unsafe to trade on slender margins at this time. Better reduce your purchase by one-half, though I think your margin on American Ice is abundant. No one can tell, however, what might be the result of panicky conditions. 2. Whenever you pay for the stock it is yours, and if you are wise you will have stocks you own recorded in your own name on the company's books. 3. Regular brokers in New York charge not to exceed the legal rate of interest on the accounts of their customers, regardless of what they purchase. 4. Money, no doubt, will be made within a year by those who purchase stocks under favorable circumstances and hold them for a profit. Watch the advances in this column carefully. 5. Usually as long as he pleases.

W. S. R., New York: 1. General Electric is an industrial which has profited enormously by the recent business boom, especially by the development of trolley lines, electric light, and other similar companies. It is said to have orders sufficient to enable it to continue dividends for several years, but it must suffer severely from the present tendency to curtail expenditures and to minimize new construction work. If the market should rise I would sell at the most favorable opportunity. 2. Green Consolidated Copper is a very large property, and one report has it that powerful interests are accumulating it and seeking its control. The stock acts curiously, however, if this is the case, for whenever the market rises there seems to be plenty for sale. It is too close a corporation for me to advise you with safety.

S., Rochester, N. Y.: Suggestion will be taken under consideration. 1. If Smelter common should declare a generous dividend in December its price might be maintained. It is too close a corporation to advise about. 2. As I have pointed out some time ago, the market will first indicate signs of recovery by an increasing demand for gilt-edged bonds and stocks. Then, as money becomes cheaper, it will seek investment in dividend-payers not of the investment class, and finally in the cheap speculative securities. Those who buy the latter and wait their turn will probably make money. That is why I have said that for speculative purposes the common shares of some industrials like American Ice, Union Bag and Paper, and U. S. Leather look attractive. A little money will buy a good deal of these, and if the market takes an upward turn they will move with it. I think the market is more liable to decline ten or fifteen points on high-priced securities than to advance to that extent.

G., Lewistown, Penn.: 1. I do not believe that we have seen the lowest prices, especially of high-priced securities. The safest way would be to wait a little later and see if a culminating point is not reached under panicky conditions. New York has been supplying funds to tide over emergencies in Boston, Baltimore, Montreal, Pittsburg, and St. Louis. If these demands had been concurrent and New York had been unable to respond to all, we should have reached the panic point. 2. I do not advise the purchase of Pennsylvania, and agree with your conclusions regarding it. Its recent issue of \$20,000,000 of bonds for two of its collateral companies, the Long Island and the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, both with its guarantee behind them, following as it does the large stock issue recently provided, has created considerable comment and led many others to believe that Pennsylvania will go back to a 5-per cent. basis within a year. 3. The decline in United States Leather has indicated that something was troubling it, and the statement that it is meeting very expensive competition in the oak-sole end of its business perhaps explains it. There is altogether too much mystery about the affairs of this company to make me commend its shares to investors.

K., Lexington, Ky.: 1. Whether Smelters will pay dividends on the common in December depends on what a few insiders may choose to do, and what they do will depend upon which side of the market they may find the greater profit. Outsiders will therefore have to guess and gamble. 2. Preferred shares, like Chicago & Northwest preferred, St. Paul preferred, and guaranteed stocks like Manhattan Elevated, will give you a better return than you can get from a savings bank, as will also such bonds as the West Shore fours, C. B. & Q. fours, Chesapeake & Ohio fives, and the Adams Express fours. 3. Western Union stands well as a speculative investment stock and is closely held. 4. I consider Ice preferred—in view of the undisputed fact that it earned a large surplus applicable to dividends during the recent cold summer, with a prospect of largely increasing its earnings next year because of its improved financial condition—as one of the cheapest of the speculative stocks. Compared with Chicago & Alton common, selling at this writing around 27 and earning, according to its recent report, only one-third of one per cent. last year, American Ice preferred, selling at this writing around 22 and 24 and earning from four to six per cent., is cheap. If it were not an industrial it would sell on its earnings at double present figures, and the resumption of dividends next year would put it up rapidly. I base these statements on facts the stockholders' committee has thus far disclosed as the result of the report of their own expert.

Continued on page 481.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

I AM often asked whether life insurance offers a proper and remunerative employment for women. In reply I would say that I have no doubt that it is not only a proper but an eminently fitting occupation for women. Some of the most successful representatives of the leading life companies are women. The

growing number of women engaged in lucrative pursuits furnish a large field for life insurance. By it they can provide protection for those dependent upon them, as well as safely provide for old age by depositing in the strongest institution in the world a portion of their earnings. Through wives, daughters, and mothers women solicitors can often interest and influence husbands, fathers, and sons to assure where men fail. I have recently dwelt upon the fact that the leading insurance companies have abolished all distinction between men and women so far as premium rates and conditions are concerned, and now accept both sexes on precisely the same basis. This will have a tendency, among other things, to enlarge the field of service for women solicitors. It is a profitable service, and there is no apparent reason why it should not afford employment to large numbers of bright, capable, and intelligent young women, especially among their own sex. Managers say that women present their facts in a more forceful manner than men, and show tact in handling their patrons. Their best clients are among working women, most of whom have others dependent on them, and professional women are quick to see the value of life insurance.

"W." Toledo: I would change to the Travelers, of Hartford, if you wish better security.

"G." Ithaca, N. Y.: 1. Because of their acknowledged strength, pre-eminence, and perfect security. 2. No; I see no reason why I should do so. That is not the purpose of this column.

"N." Manistee, Mich.: 1. I do not regard such new plans of insurance with favor; in fact, they are not new. They have been tried again and again, in varied form, and seldom with satisfaction. 2. Better stop now.

"P." Cleveland, O.: I certainly would not take the policy in the company to which you refer if you are seeking the highest security and the best results. Either of the New York companies you mention should satisfy you much better in the end.

"F." Hot Springs: Your inquiries cover such a wide range of insurance matters that it would be wiser for you to take up the subject with any insurance agent of your acquaintance, whose business it is to familiarize himself with just such questions; or you might communicate directly with the officers of any insurance company in which you may have an interest. A number of instructive books in reference to life insurance are printed by the Spectator Company, 95 William Street, New York, and no doubt a catalogue would be sent you on application. Remember that the purpose of this department is not so much to enlighten my readers regarding the ethics and arts of life insurance as to indicate to them where the course of safety and security seems to lie.

The Hermit.



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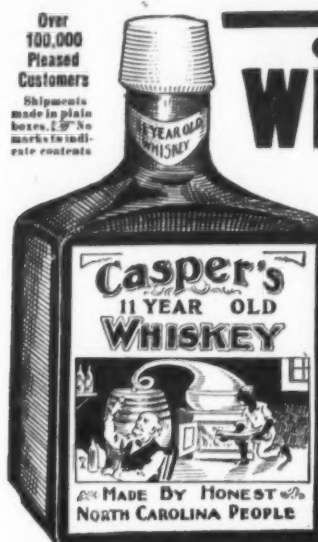
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Sarasota, Fla.	\$30.05
Bradentown, "	29.70
Ellenton, "	29.70
Palmetto, "	29.70
Manatee, "	29.70
Punta Gorda, "	30.90
Arcadia, "	30.15

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In connection with these excursions, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell one-way tickets to Washington, at regular rates, from all stations on its lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, together with exchange orders on the railroads out of Washington for an excursion ticket from Washington to the above-mentioned points at rates quoted.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"S." Buffalo: 1. The report of the American Ship-building Company for the past year showed decreased earnings of nearly \$300,000, and decreased surplus of the same amount. This is not favorable. 2. Louisville and Nashville reports the sale of \$23,000,000 of its collateral trust 4-per-centa. for about \$21,000,000. This shows the lack of demand even for acceptable bonds. 3. Wisconsin Central's net earnings during the past fiscal year increased by \$287,000. Its iron ore freights decreased, but its general freight earnings were satisfactory, and crop prospects along the line are fair.

"J. O." Altoona: 1. The surplus of any railroad at a particular time, except when it makes its regular reports, is difficult to obtain. A large surplus is regarded as a favorable indication, as it would be in any private business. 2. Pennsylvania shares are quoted in New York on the basis of 100 and not the par value of 50. In other words, two shares instead of one are represented by the quoted prices. If dividends were diminished by reason of hard times, the stock might drop to 100, which would represent the par value. 3. If Charles M. Schwab is recommending to his friends to buy Steel common he ought to know what he is doing. Why he is doing it is a question he must answer.

"W." Des Moines, Ia.: 1. The decline in Amalgamated does not seem to have stirred the Standard Oil insiders to its support. They are more intent on fighting Heinze, and wiping him off the face of the earth than in maintaining the price of the shares. Perhaps if they can ruin Heinze they will be willing to do something for the stockholders. Meanwhile, apparently, they do not care how low Amalgamated may go. 2. The victory of the Western Union in the telephone suit may not be conclusive. An effort to appeal the case will be made. The amount involved has been estimated all the way from two millions to eighteen millions of dollars. At all events it is a feather in the cap of the Western Union.

"J. W. S." Cincinnati: Four dollars received and you are on my preferred list for one year. 1. International Paper and American Wool report excellent earnings, but I do not think as well of them as of American Hide. Some of the industrialists in the recent panicky market have shrunk to very low figures, and it would seem to be almost time for you to even up. Of the three you mention, Paper common has the greatest merit at present. 2. Among the active and cheap railroad stocks with possibilities I would include Chicago and Alton common, Chicago Great Western, Chicago Terminal Trans. preferred, M. K. and T. preferred, Rock Island common, St. Louis Southwestern preferred, Southern Pacific, and Texas Pacific. Among the cheapest of the industrial common shares are American Ice and Corn Products.

"W." New Orleans: 1. I do. 2. The difficulty about selling stocks at a loss now and buying at a lower price later on is simply this, that nothing in Wall Street or anywhere else can be absolutely fore-shadowed and guaranteed. Conditions may suddenly arise to the great benefit of certain stocks, conditions that may be controlled by insiders or that may arise from the exigencies of the time. A person might sell a stock which, in the end, might better have been kept. I can only give the trend of the times, and one must always reach his own conclusions and base his conduct on his best judgment. 3. Most of the industrialists have had a very severe decline. Some of them, like Malting, American Ice, Distiller, and others, have been put practically on a new basis, and the water has been shaken out of them. Other industrialists in the iron and steel class are going through this process. Railroads are just beginning to realize the absolute necessity of meeting new conditions, and the wholesale reduction of expenses for maintenance, equipment, and improvement shows that they fear the worst. Close economy on their part means lessened expenditure for steel rails, cars, locomotives, steel springs, and everything else they require. The various industrialists chiefly dependent for prosperity on liberal expenditures by the railroads must suffer sympathetically. 4. I can only do so from time to time, as special conditions offer special opportunities. 5. American Ice preferred sold a year ago at from 32 to 67, and the common from 14 to 28. That was when it was borrowing money on every hand. This year it has been paying off its debts, so that a clean balance sheet is promised at the end of the year, and the price of the stock indicates that the liquidation has gone as far as it ever does under such circumstances. The preferred is selling, as I am reliably informed, for less than half of what it could be realized on the forced sale of the assets. The time to buy stocks is when everybody else wants to sell them, and the best stocks to buy are those that have substantial merit, but are in the worst repute. After the era of railroad reorganization in 1893 I earnestly urged friends to buy Union Pacific and kindred shares that were being kicked around Wall Street at less than ten dollars a share. Those who followed that advice were able during the recent

boom to get ten dollars for every dollar they invested. Such chances will come again, but only to those who are willing to think and act for themselves, and who do not wait until the bargains are off the counter.

NEW YORK, November 5th, 1903. JASPER.

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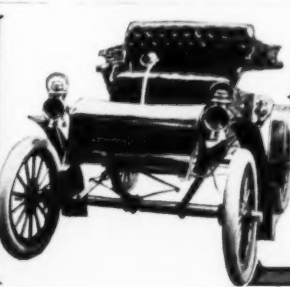
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